THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM

THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVEN'S

LAST EDITION,

WITH

A SELECTION

OF

THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

VOLUME VII.

CONTAINING:

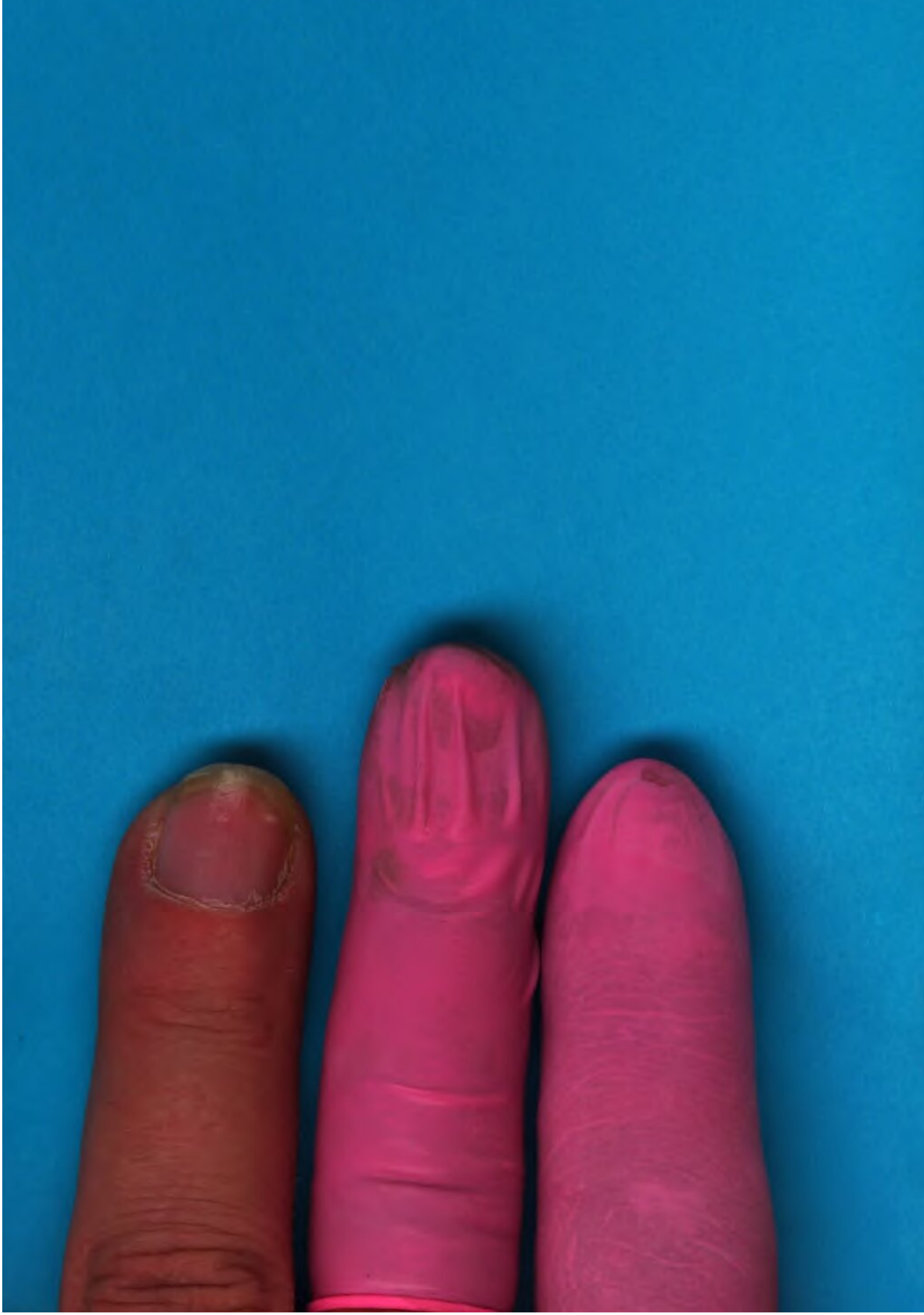
MACBETH.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BILLY JONES.

1826.



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BAYERISCHE
STAATS-
BIBLIOTHEK
MUENCHEN

GESCHENK
FRESENIUS

MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duncan, *King of* Scotland:
Malcolm, } *his sons.*
Donalbain, }
Macbeth, } *Generals of the King's army.*
Banquo, }
Macduff, }
Lenox, }
Rosse, }
Menteth, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Angus, }
Cathness, }
Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.
Siward, *Earl of* Northumberland, *General of the* English *forces.*
Young Siward, *his Son.*
Seyton, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An English *Doctor.* *A* Scotch *Doctor.*
A Soldier. *A Porter.* *An old Man.*

Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, *and three Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, *and several other Apparitions.*

SCENE, *in the end of the fourth act, lies in* England; *through the rest of the play, in* Scotland; *and, chiefly, at* Macbeth's *castle.*

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2. *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:
3. *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.
1. *Witch.* Where the place?
2. *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3. *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1. *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!
All. Paddock calls: — Anon. —
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

WITCHES *vanish.*

LANDESBIBLIOTHEK OLDENBURG

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity: — Hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell: —
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both: — Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit* Soldier, *attended*.

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us; —

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' King, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: — Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
2. *Witch.* Killing swine.
3. *Witch.* Sister, where thou?
1. *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd: —
Give me, quoth I:
Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2. *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
1. *Witch.* Thou art kind.
3. *Witch.* And I another.
1. *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day;
Hang upon his penthouse lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.
2. *Witch.* Show me, show me.
1. *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.
[*Drum within.*

3. *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace! — the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores? — What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;

That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't? — Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: — You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Mach. Speak, if you can; — What are you?

1. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

2. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

3. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? — I'the name of truth.
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1. *Witch.* Hail!

2. *Witch.* Hail!

3. *Witch.* Hail!

1. *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2. *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. *Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1. *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death, I know, I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting? — Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them: — Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind. — 'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be Kings

Ban. You shall be King.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,

Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the Thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Mach Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. — Thanks for your pains. —
Do you not hope your children shall be Kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Beside the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. —
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.— I thank you, Gentlemen. —
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: — if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me King, why,
chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their
mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: — my dull brain
was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind Gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. — Let us toward the King. —
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. — Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your Highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that hath been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust — O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. — Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. — Sons, kinsmen, Thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine

On all deservers. — From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach:
So, humbly take my leave.
Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. The Prince of Cumberland! — That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
[*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*
Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Inverness. *A Room in* Macbeth's *Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. — *They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them further, they made themselves — air, into*

which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King; who all-hail'd me, Thane of Cawdor; *by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with*, Hail, King that shalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: — Yet do I fear thy
nature;
It is too full o'the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thoud'st have,
great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou*
have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirit, in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal. — What is your
tidings?

On all deservers. — From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach:
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On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
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That I may pour my spirit, in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal. — What is your
tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The King comes here to-night.
Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it,
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Atten. So please you, it is true; our Thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit Attendant.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief: Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!* — Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Enter

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, — as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters: — To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch:
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth *attending.*

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air

Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath,
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
Is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp
him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,

To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a sewer, and divers servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, —
We'd jump the life to come. — But, in these cases,
We still have judgement here; that we but teach
Bloody instuctions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against

The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. — I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other. — How now! what news?

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd; Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail, —

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spungy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?
Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to his terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE; *and a Servant, with a torch before them.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword:— There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out. — Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful pow'r
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!— Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, *and a servant with a torch.*

Who's there?
Mac. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? The King's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, — when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, Sir; The like to you!
[*Exit* BANQUO.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit* Servant.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee: —
I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. — There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk,
hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:
— Hark! — Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives thé stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. (*Within*) Who's there? — what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: — the attempt, and not the
deed,
Confounds us: — Hark! — I laid their daggers
ready,
He could not miss them. — Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't. — My hus-
band?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed: — Didst thou
not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the
crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!
Who lies i'the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight.
[*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, *murder!*
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen,* the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast; —
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more?
Lady M. Who was it, that thus cried? Why worthy Thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things: — Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. —
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose?
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal.
For it must seem their guilt.
[*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking!
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green — one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry: — retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. — [*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers: Be not lost
So poorly in your thougths.

Macb. To know my deed, — 'twere best not know myself. [*Knock.*
Wake Dunkan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou could'st! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name?

'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor: here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you did lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock: and drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand do, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very throat o'me:
But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being
too strong for him, though he took up my legs
sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring? —
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble Sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on
him;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call.
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit* MACDUFF.

Len. Goes the King
From hence to-day?

Macb. He does: — he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we
lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams of
death;
And prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure
bird

Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.
Macb 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!
Macb. Len. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.
Macb. What is't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his Majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgan: — Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. — Awake! awake! —
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.
Ring the alarum-bell: — Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! — up, up, and see
The great doom's image! — Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak, —
Macd. O, gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell. — O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What in our house?
Ban. Too cruel, any where. —
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the meer lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?

Len.

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason. — Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady: —

[*Lady* MACBETH *is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Without the Castle.

Enter ROSSE, *and an old Man.*

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:

Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness, does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff: —

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the King's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! — Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.
Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Rosse. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Rosse. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there; — adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Rosse. Father, farewell.
Old M. God's benison go with you; and with
those
That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as King; Lady* MACBETH, *as Queen;* LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your Highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Mach. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good Lord.
Mach. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow,
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.
Mach. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My Lord, I will not.
Mach. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good Lord: our time does call upon us,
Mach. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs,
Farewell. — [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady* MACBETH, *Lords, Ladies etc.*
Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure?
Attend. They are, my Lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. — [*Exit* Atten.]
To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus: Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd; 'Tis much
he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he,
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them Kings, the seed of Banquo Kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! — Who's
there? —

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit* Attendant.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1. *Mur.* It was, so please your Highness.
Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand; how gross'd; the instruments?
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo,

1. *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so: and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1. *Mur.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,

Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2. *Mur.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1. *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2. *Mur.* True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid by will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2. *Mur.* We shall my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1. *Mur.* Though our lives —

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time.
The moment on't; for't must be done to night,
And something from the palace; always thought,

That I require a clearness: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within,
It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, Madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my Lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died

With them they think on? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth,
But let
The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstacy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!
Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;

Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale! — Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythe, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Park or lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1. *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3. *Mur.* Macbeth.
2. *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1. *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3. *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2. *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'the court.

1. *Mur.* His horses go about.

3. *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE; *a Servant with a torch preceding them.*

2. *Mur.* A light, a light!

3. *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1. *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1. *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*assaults* BANQUO.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge. — O slave!

[*Dies.* Fleance *and Servant escape.*

3. *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1. *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3. *Mur.* There's but one down: the son is fled.

2. *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1. *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of state in the Palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, *Lady* MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
at first,
And last, the hearty welcome.
Lords Thanks to your Majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our
friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, *to the door.*

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks: —
Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i'the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round. — There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?
Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut; that I did
for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o'the cut-throats:
Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But uow, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head:
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that: —
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. — Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit* Murderer.
Lady M. My royal Lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer! —
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May it please your Highness sit?
[*The ghost of* BANQUO *rises, and sits in* MACBETH's *place.*
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!
Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your Highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my Lord. What is't that moves your Highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well,
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: — my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you? —
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. —
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send

Those

Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal:
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy Lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget: —
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing,
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down: — Give me some wine, fill full: —
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
[*Ghost disappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence! — Why, so; — being gone,
I am a man again. — Pray you, sit still.
Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
Rosse. What sights, my Lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse?
Question enrages him: at once, good night: —
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. — What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use: —
We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. *Enter* HECATE, *meeting the three* Witches.

1. *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason: beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i'the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal-fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magick slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,

As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*within.*] *Come away, come away, etc.*
Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

1. *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, *and another* Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:— marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcom, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisel

For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! — for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy King his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate the King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
Thy cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with his answer.

Len And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance

His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. My prayers with him! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

1. *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2. *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3. *Witch.* Harper cries: — 'Tis time, 'tis time.
1. *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw. —
Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2. *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble;
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
3. *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron,
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2. *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, *and the other three* Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in. [*Musick.*

SONG.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2. *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes; —
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
night hags!
What is't you do?
All A deed without a name,
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you
profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the trea-
sure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.
1. *Witch.* Speak.
2. *Witch.* Demand.
3. *Witch.* We'll answer.
1. *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from
our mouths,
Or from our masters'?
Macb. Call them, let me see them.
1. *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

For a charm of powerful trouble;
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
3. *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
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Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
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Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron,
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2. *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

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And every one shall share i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in. [*Musick.*

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Something wicked this way comes; —
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What is't you do?
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Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.
1. *Witch.* Speak.
2. *Witch.* Demand.
3. *Witch.* We'll answer.
1. *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?
Macb. Call them, let me see them.
1. *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low:
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, —
1. *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the Thane of Fife. — Dismiss me: — Enough. [*descends.*
Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: — But one word more: —
1. *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! —
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live:
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. — What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a King;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud: and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*descends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest: bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom. — Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if you art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know: —
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

1. *Witch.* Show! 2. *Witch.* Show! 3. *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the stage in order; the last, with a glass in his hand: Banquo *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does scar mine eye-balls: — And thy hair.
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first: —
A third is like the former: — Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? — A fourth? — Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet? — A seventh? — I'll see no more: —
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more: and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry:
Horrible sight! — Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. — What, is this so?

1. *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so: — But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay

[*Musick. The* Witches *dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone? — Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar! —
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your Grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd, all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. Ay, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done;
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights! — Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Fife. *A Room in* Macduff's Castle.

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her son, and* ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know no what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,

Each way, and move. — I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. — My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Rosse.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit: and yet i'faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor and msut be hang'd

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair Dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Messenger.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!

Do

Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm: — What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.
Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.
Mur. What, you egg? [*stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?
Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies. Exit* L. Macduff, *crying murder, and pursued by the murderers.*]

SCENE III.

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redrees
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well:
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is,
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But 'crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking? — I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: — You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure.
For goodness dares not check thee? wear thou thy wrongs.

Thy title is affeer'd! — Fare thee well, Lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er bear,

That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A staunchless avarice, that, were I King,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust: and it hath been
The sword of our slain Kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound

In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. — O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholsome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne,
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? — Thy royal father
Was a most sainted King: the Queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. — O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn

Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon. — Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I dank you, Doctor. [*Exit* Doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good King!
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,

To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Rosse. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstacy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why well.
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe: though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and
babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven! —
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. — All my pretty
ones?
Did you say, all? — O, hell kite! — All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. — Did heaven
look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! — But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the King; our power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a DOCTOR *of physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature? to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. — In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my rememberance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! — One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't: — Hell is murky! — Fie, my Lord, fie! a soldier and afear'd? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o' that, my Lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well, —

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale: — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady MACBETH.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician. —
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her — So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good Doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecin of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march toward Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.

Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequents, pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee. — Then fly, false Thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Ser. There is ten thousand —

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. — Seyton! — I am sick at heart,
When I behold — Seyton, I say! This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton! —

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

Macb.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd. —
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. — Give me mine armour. —
How does your patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it. —
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff: —
Seyton, send out. — Doctor, the Thanes fly from me: —
Come, Sir, despatch: — If thou could'st, Doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. — Pull't off, I say. —
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hearest thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good Lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me. —
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*
Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane: *A wood in view.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his Son,* MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down befor't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,

Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come:* Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within, of women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. — Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The Queen, my Lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word. —
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. —

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.
Mes. Gracious my Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, say, Sir.
Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar, and slave! [*striking him.*
Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,

Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much. —
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane; and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. — Arm, arm, and out! —
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o'the world were now undone. —
Ring the alarum bell: — Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c. *and their army with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are: — You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well. —
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.

The same. Another part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. — What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young* Siward *is slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman. —

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.
[*Exit.*

Alarums. — *Enter* MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is: — Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited: Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my Lord; — the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble Thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, Sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Mach. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. — I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.
Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,

Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries. *Hold, enough.*
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, *and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my Lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he?
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him! — Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* Macbeth's *head on a pole.*

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art: Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds:
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine, —
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail! [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time, —
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; — This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Solinus, *Duke of* Ephesus.
Aegeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuse.

Antipholus *of* Ephesus,
Antipholus *of* Syracuse,
} *Twin Brothers, and Sons to* Aegeon *and* Aemilia, *but unknown to each other.*

Dromio *of* Ephesus,
Dromio *of* Syracuse,
} *Twin Brothers, and Attendants on the two* Antipholus's.

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldsmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus *of* Syracuse.
Pinch, *a Schoolmaster, and a Conjurer.*

Aemilia, *Wife to* Aegeon, *an Abbess at* Ephesus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholus *of* Ephesus.
Luciana, *her Sister.*
Luce, *her Servant.*
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, AEGEON, *Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

Aege. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more,
I am not partial, to infringe our laws;
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen. —
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods, —
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,

Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns;
Nay, more,
If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Aege. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Aege. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And he, great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)

Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, — for other means was none. —
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.

The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came, — O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Aege. O, had the Gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail.
And therefore homeward did they bend their course. —

Thus

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Aege. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and impórtun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Aegeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:

Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my Lord.

Aege. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Aegeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A publick Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Syracuse, and a* Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinnertime:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit* DRO. S.

Ant. S. A trusty villain, Sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit* Merchant.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date. —
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O, — six-pence, that I had o'Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper; —
The saddler had it, Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, Sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me Sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, Sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, Sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.
Ant S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both. —
If I should pay your Worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.
Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what Mistress, slave, hast thou?
Dro. E. Your Worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix:
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
Dro. E. What mean you, Sir? for God's sake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit* DROMIO. E.
Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,

Soul-killing witches that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick place.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him.
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister,
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc O, know, he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subject, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practice to obey

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause:
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry:
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why Mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I: *My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come home? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave, thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd*; *My gold*, quoth he:
My mistress, Sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress;*
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress;* —
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home,

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures: My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! — fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what let's it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain; —
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,
But falshood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur: and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, Sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, Master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, Sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspéct,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what let's it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain; —
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,
But falshood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur: and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, Sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, Master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, Sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your saucíness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspéct,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce

for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, Sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first, — for flouting me; and then, wherefore, —

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason? —

Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, Sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, Sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No Sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, Sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, Sir, learn to jest in good time; There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, Sir?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, Sir? namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it; Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspécts,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow
That never words were musick to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art than estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot's brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it,
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed:
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair Dame? I know you not?
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to unterstand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou did'st return from him, —
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I Sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land; — O, spite of spites! —
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc.

Luc. Why prate'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, Master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, Master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn. —
Come, Sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate: —
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter. —
Come, sister: — Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and perséver so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, DROMIO *of* Ephesus, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart: and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house: —
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, Sir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar: 'Pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothig but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [*within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from
the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My
master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came,
lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the
door.

Dro. S. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll
tell me wherefóre.

Ant. E. Wherefóre? for my dinner; I have not
din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come
again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out
from the house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, Sir, and my
name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine
office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name,
or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio,
who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh: —
Have at you with a proverb. — Shall I set in my
staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's, —
When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou
hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in I hope?
Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.
Dro. S. And you said, no.
Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.
Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.
Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?
Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.
Luce. Let him knock till it ake.
Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?
Adr. [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?
Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go, get you from the door.
Dro. E. If you went in pain, Master, this knave would go sore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.
Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.
Dro. E. They stand at the door, Master; bid them welcome hither.
Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.
Dro. E. You would say so, Master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, Sir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without a feather; Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir; O, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this, — Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made on it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despight of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse, —
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle; —
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner. — Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)
Upon mine hostess there: good Sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us,
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:

'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet Mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:
Thee will I love; and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, Sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[*Exit* Luc.

Enter, from the house of Antipholus *of* Ephesus, Dromio, *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, Sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. E. Nell, Sir: but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from

hip to hip: she is sperical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, Sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, Sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,

she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence;
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, Sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, Sir! I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
Ant. S. I pray you, Sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.
Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well.
[*Exit.*
Ant. S. What I should think of his, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an Officer.*

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:

Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, *and* DROMIO, *of* Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save; shee where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
Ant buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day. —
But soft, I see the goldsmith: — get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* DROMIO.

Ant. E. A man is well holp up, that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargefnl fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more

Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good Signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear't with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, Sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, Sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear, how he impórtunes me; the chain —

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good Sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you, in the Duke's name, to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation: —
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st,

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him officer; —
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, Sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail: —
But, sirrah, you shall buy tis sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, Sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, Sir, bears away: our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitae.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, Sir, for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to listen with more heed.
To Adriana, villain hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt* Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, *and* ANT. E.

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,

Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their master's minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case.
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where:
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;

One that, before the judgement, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:
Will you send him, Mistress, redemption, the money in the desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. — This I wonder at, [*Exit* LUCIANA.
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt: —
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, if any hour meet a sergeant, a 'turns back for every fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately. —
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me

for: What have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No! why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, Sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, Sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

Ant. S. Well, Sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, Sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain, you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God me make a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I cónjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come Dromio, let us go.

Dro. E. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* DRO.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, *and an* Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears. —

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus *with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.
How now, Sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, Sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, Sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you. [*beating him.*

Off. Good Sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep: raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat: and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* Courtezan, *with* PINCH, *and others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*beats him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less. —

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark! how he trembles in his extacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home,

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out?

Ant. S. And did not she herself revile me there?
Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.
Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.
Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. E. In verity, you did; — my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.
Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?
Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, Master, not a rag of money.
Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.
Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle Master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.
[PINCH *and his assistants bind* ANT. *and* DROMIO.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company; — the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house — O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, Good Master; cry, the devil. —

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. — Sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt* PINCH *and assistants with* ANT. *and* DRO.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Court. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it: —
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse, *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.
Off. Away, they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt Officer,* ADR. *and* LUC.
Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.
Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter Merchant *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him. —
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,

Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, *and Others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad; —
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, Master, run; for God's sake, take a house.
This is some priory; — In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPH. *and* DROMIO *to the Priory.*

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it:
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;)
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly. —
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof. —
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approved means I have,

With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him. [*Exit* Abbess.

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five;
Anon, I am sure, the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke *attended;* Aegeon *bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,

He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholus, my husband, —
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters, — this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a Prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,

To do him all the grace and good I could. —
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady Abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O Mistress, Mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, Mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke, oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Aege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet Prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she dis day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, did'st thou so?

Adr. No my good Lord; — myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befal my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My Liege, I am advised what I say;

Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer,
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was posses'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;

Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my Lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you:
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying: — Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Courr. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my Liege, as I do see your Grace.
Duke. Why this is strange: — Go call the Abbess hither;
I think, you are all mated, or stark mad.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Aege. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
Haply, I see a friend will safe my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.
Aege. Is not your name, Sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.
Aege. I am sure, you both of you remember me.
Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, Sir?
Aege. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.
Aege. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. E. Neither.
Aege. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, trust me, Sir, nor I.
Aege. I am sure, thou dost.
Dro. E. Ay, Sir? but I am sure, I do not;

and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Aege. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err,)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Aege. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, *with* ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan *and* DROMIO Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[*All gather to see him.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;

And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I, Sir, am Dromio; command him away.
Dro. E. I, Sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.
Ant. S. Aegeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro. S. O, my old Master! who hath bound
him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will lose his
bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty: —
Speak, old Aegeon, if thou be'st the man
That had'st a wife once call'd Aemilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons;
O, if thou be'st the same Aegeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Aemilia!
Aege. If I dream not, thou art Aemilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story
right;
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance, —
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea, —
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.
Ant. S. No, Sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which
is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious Lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I gentle Mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother: — What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, Sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, Sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, Sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for
my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes: —
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction. —
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered: —
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbess, AEGEON, Courtezan,
Merchant, ANGELO, *and Attendants.*

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou
embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, Sir, in
the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master,
Dromio:
Come go with us; we'll look-to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS S. *and* E. ADR. *and* LUC.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's
house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not
my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, Sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*

A SE-

A

SELECTION

OF THE

MOST IMPORTANT NOTES

EXTRACTED

FROM

THE BEST COMMENTATORS

TO THE PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME VII.

NOTES TO MACBETH.

**In order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakspeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburdening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the

darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixote*) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magic, and having promised *χώρις ὁπλιτῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἐνεργεῖν, to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers*, was, at the instance of the Empress Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The Empress showed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. Δεικνύτο δὲ

ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πετομένους ἵππους διά τινος μαγγανείας, καὶ ὁπλίτας διϊέρος φερομένους, καὶ πάσην γοητείας δύναμιν καὶ ἰδέαν. *Let him then proceed to show him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic.* Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens however gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of Queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of King James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The King, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them in his dialogues of *Daemonologie*, written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edin-

burgh. This book was, soon after his succession, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain King James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Daemonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity cooperated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of King James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That „if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirits; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave, — or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, practise, or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every such person being convicted shall suffer death.“ This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of wichcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied

so fast in some places, that Bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire *), where their number was greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. JOHNSON.

In the concluding paragraph of Dr. Johnson's admirable introduction to this play, he seems apprehensive that the fame of Shakspeare's magic may be endangered by modern ridicule. I shall not hesitate, however, to predict its security, till our national taste is wholly corrupted, and we no longer deserve the first of all dramatic enjoyments; for such, in my opinion at least, is the tragedy of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

Malcolm II. King of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldest was married to Crynin, the father

*) In Nashe's Lenten Stuff, 1599, it is said, that no less than six hundred witches were executed at one time: "— it is evident by the confession of the six hundred Scotch witches executed in Scotland at Bartholomew tide was twelve month, that in Yarmouth road they were altogether in a plump on Christmas eve was two years, when the great flood was; and there stirred up such tornadoes and furicanoes or tempests, as will be spoken of there whilst any winds or storms and tempests chafe and puff in the lower region." Reed.

of Duncan, Thane of the Isles, and western parts of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm, without male issue, Duncan succeeded to the throne. Malcolm's second daughter was married to Sinel, Thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth. Duncan, who married the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his cousin german, Macbeth, in the castle of Inverness, according to Buchanan, in the year 1040; according to Hector Boethius, in 1045. Boethius, whose history of Scotland was first printed in seventeen books, at Paris, in 1526, thus describes the event which forms the basis of this tragedy: "Macbeth, be persuasion of his wyfe, gaderit his friends to ane counsall at Invernes, quhare kyng Duncane happennit to be for ye tyme. And because he fand sufficient opportunitie, *be support of Banquho* and otheris his friendis, he slew kyng Duncane, the vii zeir of his regne." After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth "come with ane gret power to Scone, and tuk the crowne." *Chroniclis of Scotland*, translated by John Bellenden, folio, 1541. Macbeth was himself slain by Macduff in the year 1061, according to Boethius; according to Buchanan, in 1057; at which time King Edward the Confessor possessed the throne of England. Holinshed copied the history of Boethius, and on Holinshed's relation Shakspeare formed his play.

In the reign of Dunkan, Banquo having been plundered by the people of Lochaber of some of the King's revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerously wounded in the affray, the persons concerned in this outrage were summoned to appear at a certain day. But they slew the *serjeant at arms* who summoned them, and chose one MACDOWALD as their captain. Macdowald

speedily collected a considerable body of forces from Ireland and the Western Isles, and in one action gained a victory over the King's army. In this battle Malcolm, a Scottish nobleman, who was (says Boethius) "Lieutenant to Duncan in Lochaber," was slain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdowald being obliged to take refuge in a castle in Lochaber, first slew his wife and children, and then himself. Macbeth on entering the castle finding his dead body, ordered his head to be cut off, and carried to the King, at the castle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a subsequent period, in the last year of Duncan's reign, Sueno King of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpose of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately assembled an army to oppose him, and gave the command of two divisions of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himself at the head of a third. Sueno was successful in one battle, but in a second was routed; and after a great slaughter of his troops he escaped with ten persons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Macdowald and the invasion of Sueno, our author has woven these two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the present play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's history as a subject for the stage. "*Multa hic fabulose quidam nostrorum affingunt; sed, quia* theatris *aut Milesiis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historiae, ea omitto.* RERUM SCOT. HIST. L. VII. But there was no translation of Buchanan's work till after our author's death.

This tragedy was written, I believe, in the year 1606. See the notes at the end; and *An attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*. MALONE.

Page 2, line 23. Lady *Macbeth*.] Her name was *Gruach*. See Lord Haile's Annals of Scotland. II. 332. RITSON.

P. 3, l. 8. — *hurlyburly* —] However mean this word may seem to modern ears, it came recommended to Shakspeare by the authority of Henry Peacham, who in the year 1577 published a book professing to treat of the *ornaments* of language. It is called the Garden of Eloquence, and has this passage. "Onomatopeia, when we invent, devise, fayne and make a name imitating the sownd of that it signifyeth, as *hurliburly*, for an *uprore* and *tumultuous stirre*." HENDERSON.

So, in a translation of *Herodian*, 12mo. 1635. p. 324:

"— — great *hurliburlies* being in all parts of the empire," etc. REED.

P. 3, l. 9. *When the battle's lost and won*:] i. e. the battle, in which Macbeth was then engaged. WARBURTON.

So, in *King Richard III*:

"— — while we reason here,
"A royal battle might be *won and lost*."

MALONE.

P. 3, l. 13. *There to meet with Macbeth*.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope, and, after him, other editors:

There I go *to meet Macbeth*.

The insertion, however, seems to be injudicious. To *meet with Macbeth* was the final drift

of all the witches in going to the heath, and not the particular business or motive of any one of them in distinction from the rest; as the interpolated words, *I go*, in the mouth of the third witch, would most certainly imply.

Somewhat, however (as the verse is evidently imperfect) must have been left out by the transcriber or printer. Mr. Capell has therefore proposed to remedy this defect, by reading —

There to meet with *brave* Macbeth.

But surely, to beings intent only on mischief, a soldier's bravery in an honest cause, would have been no subject of encomium.

Mr. Malone (omitting all previous remarks, &c. on this passage) assures us that — "*There* is here used as a dissyllable." I wish he had supported his assertion by some example. Those, however, who can speak the line thus regulated, and suppose they are reciting a verse, may profit the direction they have received.

The pronoun "their," having two vowels together, may be split into two syllables; but the adverb "*there*" can only be used as a monosyllable, unless pronounced as if it were written "the-re," a licence in which even Chaucer has not indulged himself.

It was convenient for Shakspeare's introductory scene, that his first witch should appear uninstructed in her mission. Had she not required information, the audience must have remained ignorant of what it was necessary for them to know. Her speeches therefore proceed in the form of interrogatories; but, all on a sudden, an answer is given to a question which had not been asked. Here seems to be a chasm which I shall attempt to supply by the introduction of a single

pronoun, and by distributing the hitherto mutilated line, among the three speakers:

3. *Witch.* There to meet with —

1. *Witch.* *Whom?*

2. *Witch.* Macbeth.

Distinct replies have now been afforded to the three necessary enquiries — *When* — *Where* — and *Whom* the witches were to meet. Their conference receives no injury from my insertion and arrangement. On the contrary, the dialogue becomes more regular and consistent, as each of the hags will now have spoken *thrice*, (a magical number) before they join in utterance of the concluding words which relate only to themselves. — I should add, that, in the two prior instances, it is also the second witch who furnishes decisive and material answers; and that I would give the words — "I come, Graymalkin!" to the third. By assistance from such of our author's plays as had been published in quarto, we have often detected more important errors in the folio 1623, which, unluckily, supplies the most ancient copy of *Macbeth*.

STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 14. 1. *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!] From a little black-letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584. I find it was permitted to a Witch *to take on her a cattes body nine times.* Mr. Upton observes, that, to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad.

Again, in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. (a pamphlet of which the reader will find the entire title in a future note on this play): "Moreover she confessed, that at the time when his majestie was in Denmarke, shee beeing accompanied with the

parties before specially mentioned, tooke a *cat* and christened it, and afterward bound to each part of that *cat* the cheefest parte of a dead man, and several joyntes of his hodie, and that in the night following the said *cat* was convayed into the middest of the sea by all these witches sayling in their riddles or cives as is aforesaid, and so left the said *cat* right before the towne of Leith in Scotland. This doone, there did arise such a tempest in the sea, as a greater hath not bene seene," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 15. *Paddock calls*: &c.—] This, with the two following lines, is given in the folio to the three Witches. Some preceding editors, have appropriated the first of them to the second Witch.

According to the late Dr. Goldsmith, and some other naturalists, a *frog* is called a *paddock* in the North. In Shakspeare, however, it certainly means a *toad*. The representation of St. James in the witches' house (one of the set of prints taken from the painter called *Hellish Breugel*, 1566) exhibits witches flying up and down the chimney on brooms; and before the fire sit *grimalkin* and *paddock*, i. e. a *cat* and a *toad*, with several *baboons*. There is a cauldron boiling, with a witch near it, cutting out the tongue of a snake, as an ingredient for the charm. A representation somewhat similar likewise occurs in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. a pamphlet already quoted. STEEVENS.

"—— Some say, they [witches] can keepe devils and spirits, in the likeness of todes and cats." Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, [1584.] Book l. c. iv. TOLLET.

P. 3, l. 16. *Fair is foul, and foul is fair*:]

i. e. we make these sudden changes of the weather. And Macbeth, speaketh of this day, soon after says:

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

WARBURTON.

The common idea of witches has always been, that they had absolute power over the weather, and could raise storms of any kind, or allay them, as they pleased. In conformity to this notion; Macbeth addresses them in the fourth act:

Though you untie the winds, &c.

STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, that *to us*, perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair*. JOHNSON.

This expression seems to have been proverbial. Spenser has it in the 4th book of the *Faery Queen*:

"Then *fair grew foul*, and *foul grew fair* in sight." FARMER.

P. 4, l. 9. *This is the sergeant* &c.] Holinshed is the best interpreter of Shakspeare in his historical plays; for he not only takes his facts from him, but often his very words and expressions. That historian, in his account of Macdowald's rebellion, mentions, that on the first appearance of a mutinous spirit among the people, the King sent a *sergeant at arms* into the country, to bring up the chief offenders to answer the charge preferred against them; but they, instead of obeying, *misused the messenger with sundry reproaches, and finally slew him*. This *sergeant at arms* is certainly the origin of the *bleeding sergeant* introduced on the present occasion. Shakspeare just caught *the name* from Holinshed, but the

rest of the story not suiting his purpose, he does not adhere to it. The stage direction of entrance, where the *bleeding captain* is mentioned, was probably the work of the player editors, and not of the poet. STEEVENS.

P. 4, l. 16. — *Macdonwald* —] Thus the old copy. According to Holinshed we should read — *Macdowald.* STEEVENS.

So also the Scottish Chronicles. However, it is possible that Shakspeare might have preferred the name that has been substituted, as better sounding. It appears from a subsequent scene that he had attentively read Holinshed's account of the murder of King duff, by *Donwald*, Lieutenant of the castle of Fores; in consequence of which he might, either from inadvertence or choice, have here written — *Macdonwald.* MALONE.

P. 4, l. 17. — for, *to that*,] i. e. *in addition* to that. The soldier who describes Macdonwald, seems to mean, that, *in addition to his assumed character of rebel, he abounds with the numerous enormities to which man, in his natural state, is liable.* STEEVENS.

P. 4, l. 20. — *is supplied;*] Whether *supplied of*, for *supplied from* or *with*, was a kind of Grecism of Shakspeare's expression; or whether *of* be a corruption of the editors, who took *Kernes and Gallowglasses*, which were only light and heavy armed foot, to be the names of two of the western islands, I don't know. *Hinc conjecturae vigorem etiam adjiciunt arma quaedam Hibernica, Gallicis antiquis similia, jacula nimirum peditum levis armaturae quos* Kernos *vocant, nec non secures et loricae ferreae peditum illorum gravioris armaturae, quos* Galloglassios

appellant. Waraei Antiq. Hiber. cap. vi. WARBURTON.

Of and *with* are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers.

Kernes and *Gallowglasses* are characterized in the Legend of *Roger Mortimer*. STEEVENS.

The old copy has *Gallow grosses*. MALONE.

P. 4, l. 21. And fortune, on his damned *quarrel smiling*,] The old copy has —*quarry*; but I am inclined to read *quarrel*. *Quarrel* was formerly used for *cause*, or for *the occasion of a quarrel*, and is to be found in that sense in Holinshed's account of the story of Macbeth, who, upon the creation of the Prince of Cumberland, thought, says the historian, that he had *a just quarrel* to endeavour after the crown. The sense therefore is, *Fortune smiling on his execrable cause* &c. JOHNSON.

The word *quarrel* occurs in Holinshed's relation of this very fact, and may be regarded as a sufficient proof of its having been the term here employed by Shakspeare: "Out of the western isles there came to Macdowald a great multitude of people, to assist him in that rebellious *quarrel*." Besides, Macdowald's *quarry* (i. e. game) must have consisted of *Duncan's friends*, and would the speaker then have applied the epithet — *damned* to them? and what have the smiles of fortune to do over a carnage, when we have defeated our enemies? Her business is then at an end. Her smiles or frowns are no longer of any consequence. We only talk of these, while we are pursuing our *quarrel*, and the event of it is uncertain. STEEVENS.

The reading proposed by Dr. Johnson, and his ex-

explanation of it, are strongly supported by a passage in this play of *Macbeth*:

"— and the chance, of goodness,
"Be like our warranted *quarrel*."

Here we have *warranted quarrel*, the exact opposite of *damned quarrel*, as the text is now regulated. MALONE.

P. 4, l. 21. 22. And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: —] I suppose the meaning is, that fortune, while she smiled on him, deceived him. Shakspeare probably alludes to Macdowald's first successful action, elated by which he attempted to pursue his fortune, but lost his life. MALONE.

P. 4, l. 29. — *he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops*,] We seldom hear of such terrible cross blows given and received but by giants and miscreants in *Amadis de Gaule*. Besides, it must be a strange aukward stroke that could unrip him upwards from the *navel* to the *chops*. But Shakspeare certainly wrote:

— *he unseam'd him from the* nape *to the chops*.

i. e. cut his skull in two; which might be done by a Highlander's sword. This was a reasonable blow, and very naturally expressed, on supposing it given when the head of the wearied combatant was reclining downwards at the latter end of a long duel. For the *nape* is the hinder part of the neck, where the *vertebrae* join to the bone of the skull. The word *unseamed* likewise becomes very proper, and alludes to the future which goes cross the crown of the head in that direction called the *sutura sagittalis*; and which, conse-

quently, must be opened by such a stroke.
WARBURTON.

The old reading is certainly the true one, being justified by a passage in *Dido Queene of Carthage*, by Tho. Nash, 1594:

"Then from the *navel* to the throat at once
"He *ript* old Priam." STEEVENS.

Again, by the following passage in an unpublished play, entitled *The Witch*, by Thomas Middleton, in which the same wound is described, though the stroke is reversed:

"Draw it, or I'll rip thee down from
neck to NAVEL,
"Though there's small glory in't."
MALONE.

P. 4, l. 32. *As whence the sun 'gins his reflection* &c.] The thought is expressed with some obscurity, but the plain meaning is this: *As the same quarter, whence the blessing of day-light arises, sometimes sends us, by a dreadful reverse, the calamities of storms and tempests; so the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which promised us the comforts of peace, was immediately succeeded by the alarming news of the Norweyan invasion.* The natural history of the winds, &c. is foreign to the explanation of this passage. Shakspeare does not mean, in conformity to any theory, to say that storms *generally* come from the east. If it be allowed that they sometimes issue from that quarter, it is sufficient for the purpose of his comparison. STEEVENS.

The natural history of the winds &c. was idly introduced on this occasion by Dr. Warburton.
MALONE.

P. 4, last l. *Discomfort* the natural opposite to *comfort*. JOHNSON.

P. 5, l. 10—13. — — *they were*
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:

That is, with double charges; a metonymy of the effect for the cause. HEATH.

Mr. Theobald has endeavoured to improve the sense of this passage, by altering the punctuation thus:

———— *they were*
As cannons overcharg'd; with double cracks
So they redoubled strokes———

He declares, with some degree of exultation, that he has no idea of a *cannon charged with double cracks;* but surely the great author will not gain much by an alteration which makes him say of a hero, that he *redoubles strokes with double cracks*, an expression not more loudly to be applauded, or more easily pardoned, than that which is rejected in its favour.

That a *cannon is charged with thunder*, or *with double thunders*, may be written, not only without nonsense, buth with elegance; and nothing else is here meant by *cracks*, which in the time of this writer was a word of such emphasis and dignity, that in this play he terms the general dissolution of nature the *crack of doom*. JOHNSON.

P. 5, l. 15. Or *memorize* another Golgotha,] That is, or make another Golgotha, which should be celebrated and delivered down to posterity, with as frequent mention as the first. HEATH.

The word *memorize*, which some suppose to have been coined by Shakspeare, is used by Spenser in a sonnet to lord Buckhurst prefixed to his *Pastorals*, 1579. T. WARTON.

The word is likewise used by Drayton; and by Chapman, in his translation of the second book of *Homer*, 1598; and again, in a copy of verses prefixed to Sir Arthur Gorges's translation of *Lucan*, 1614. STEEVENS.

P. 5, l. 26—28. *What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,*

That seems to speak thinks strange.] The meaning of this passage, as it now stands, is, *so should he look, that looks as if he told things strange.* But Rosse neither yet told strange things, nor could look as if he told them. Lenox only conjectured from his air that he had strange things to tell, and therefore undoubtedly said:

What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look, that teems *to speak things strange.*

He looks like one that is *big with* something of importance; a metaphor so natural that it is every day used in common discourse. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason observes that the meaning of Lenox is, "So should he look, who seems as if he had strange things to speak." STEEVENS.

That seems *to speak things strange.*] i. e. that seems *about* to speak strange things. Our author himself furnishes us with the best comment on this passage. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet with nearly the same idea:

"The business of this man *looks out of him.*" MALONE.

P. 5, l. 32.—*the Norweyan banners flout the sky* &c.] The banners

may be poetically described as waving in *mockery* or *defiance* of the sky.

The sense of the passage, however, collectively taken, is this. — *Where the triumphant flutter of the Norweyan standards ventilates or cools the soldiers who had been heated through their efforts to secure such numerous trophies of victory.* STEEVENS.

This passage has perhaps been misunderstood. The meaning seems to be, not that the Norweyan banners proudly insulted the sky; but that, the standards being taken by Duncan's forces, and fixed in the ground, the colours idly flapped about, serving only to cool the conquerors, instead of being proudly displayed by their former possessors. The line in *K. John*, therefore, is the most perfect comment on this. MALONE.

P. 5, l. 33. *And fan our people cold.*] In all probability some words that rendered this a complete verse, have been omitted; a loss more frequently to be deplored in the present tragedy, than perhaps in any other of Shakspeare.

STEEVENS.

P. 6, l. 2. *Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof*, &c.] This passage may be added to the many others, which show how little Shakspeare knew of ancient mythology. HENLEY.

P. 6, l. 3. Confronted *him* &c.] By *him*, in this verse, is meant Norway; as the plain construction of the English requires. And the assistance the *Thane of Cawdor* had given Norway, was underhand; (which Rosse and Angus, indeed, had discovered, but was unknown to Macbeth;) Cawdor being in the court all this while, as appears from Angus's speech to Macbeth, when he

meets him to salute him with the title, and insinuates his crime to be *lining the rebel with* hidden *help and 'vantage.*

——*with* self-comparisons,] i. e. gave him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal.

WARBURTON.

P. 6, l. 9. *Sweno, the Norway's King, craves composition;*] The present irregularity of metre induces me to believe that—*Sweno* was only a marginal reference, injudiciously thrust into the text; and that the line originally stood thus:

That now the Norway's King craves composition.

Could it have been necessary for Rosse to tell Duncan the name of his old enemy, the King of Norway? STEEVENS.

P. 6, l. 11. *Colmes-inch*, now called *Inchcomb*, is a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb; called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or *The Isle of Columba.* Some of the modern editors, without authority, read—

Saint Colmes'-kill Isle:

but very erroneously; for *Colmes' Inch*, and *Colm-kill*, are two different islands; the former lying on the eastern coast, near the place where the Danes were defeated; the latter in the western seas, being the famous Iona, one of the Hebrides.

STEEVENS.

P. 6, l. 29. *Aroint*, or avaunt, be gone. POPE.

In one of the folio editions the reading is—*Anoint thee*, in a sense very consistent with the common account of witches, who are related to perform many supernatural acts by the means of unguents, and particularly to fly through the air

to the places where they meet at their hellish festivals. In this sense, *anoint thee*, *witch*, will mean, *Away, witch, to your infernal assembly*. This reading I was inclined to favour, because I had met with the word *aroint* in no other author; till looking into Hearne's Collections I found it in a very old drawing, that he has published, in which St. Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one, that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of his mouth with these words, OUT OUT ARONGT, of which the last is evidently the same with *aroint*, and used in the same sense as in this passage. JOHNSON.

P. 6, l. 29. — the *rump-fed* —] The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps* &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others. COLEPEPER.

P. 6, l. 29. — *ronyon* —] i. e. scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *rogneux*, *royne*, scurf. STEEVENS.

P. 6, l. 31. *But in a sieve I'll thither sail*,] Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg shell, a cockle or muscle-shell, through and under the tempestuous seas." STEEVENS.

P. 6, last l. but one. — *like a rat without a tail*,] It should be remembered (as it was the belief of the times), that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting.

The reason given by some of the old writers, for such a deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beasts, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all our four-footed creatures. STEEVENS.

P. 7, first l. *I'll give thee a wind.*] This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship, for witches were supposed to sell them. STERVENS.

P. 7, l. 5. And the *very* ports they blow,] As the word *very* is here of no other use than to fill up the verse, it is likely that Shakspeare wrote *various*, which might be easily mistaken for *very*, being either negligently read, hastily pronounced, or imperfectly heard. JOHNSON.

The *very* ports are the exact ports. *Very* is used here (as in a thousand instances which might be brought) to expreſs the declaration more emphatically.

Instead of *ports*, however, I had formerly read *points*; but erroneously. In ancient language, to *blow* sometimes means to *blow upon*. We still say, it blows East, or West, without a preposition. STEEVENS.

P. 7, l. 7. I' the shipman's *card.*] The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle; or perhaps the *sea-chart*, so called in our author's age. STEEVENS.

P. 7, l. 11. He shall live a man *forbid*:] i. e. as one under a *curse*, an *interdiction*. So, afterwards in this play:

"By his own *interdiction* stands *accurs'd*."

So among the Romans, an outlaw's sentence was, *Aquae et Ignis* interdictio; i. e. he was forbid the use of water and fire, which imply'd the *necessity of banishment*. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has very justly explained *forbid* by *accursed*, but without giving any reason of his interpretation. To *bid* is in the Saxon sense — *to pray*.

As to *forbid* therefore implies to *prohibit*, in opposition to the word *bid* in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition to *curse*, when it is derived from the same word in its primitive meaning. JOHNSON.

A *forbodin* fellow, Scot. signifies an *unhappy* one. STEEVENS.

It may be added that "*bitten* and *Verbieten*, in the German, signify to pray and to interdict."

S. W.

P. 7, l. 12. 13. Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, &c.] This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be consumed by slow degrees. STEEVENS.

P. 7, l. 23. *The* weird *sisters*, *hand in hand*,] These weird *sisters*, were the *Fates* of the northern nations; the three hand-maids of Odin. It is for this reason that Shakspeare makes them *three*; and calls them,

Posters of the sea and land;

and intent only upon death and mischief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity,

he intermixes, with this northern, the Greek and Roman superstitions; and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point) he adds, for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country superstition concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks. So that his *witch-scenes* are like the *charm* they prepare in one of them; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing *shocking* in the *natural* world, as here, from every thing *absurd* in the *moral*. But as extravagant as all this is, the play has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience from that time to this. WARBURTON.

P. 7, l. 31. The King at this time resided at *Fores*, a town in *Murray*, not far from *Inverness*. "It fortuned, (says Holinshed) as Macbeth and Banquo journeyed towards *Fores*, where the King then lay, they went sporting by the way, without other company, save only themselves, when suddenly in the midst of a laund there met them three women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of the elder world." &c.

STEEVENS.

P. 8, l. 3. *That man may question?*] Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converse, or of whom it is lawful to *ask questions?*

JOHNSON.

P. 8, l. 6-8. *You should be women*, &c.] In *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Divell*, 1592, there is an enumeration of spirits and their offices; and of certain watry spirits it is said — "by the help of Alynach a spirit of the West, they will raise stormes, cause earthquakes, rayne, haile or snow, in the clearest day that is; and

if ever they appeare to anie man, they come in *women's* apparell." HENDERSON.

P. 8, l. 10. and fol. It hath lately been repeated from Mr. Guthrie's *Essay upon English Tragedy*, that the *portrait* of Macbeth's *wife* is copied from Buchanan, "whose spirit, as well as words, is translated into the play of Shakspeare: and it had signified nothing to have pored only on Holinshed for *facts*." — "Animus etiam, per se ferox, prope quotidianis conviciis uxoris (quae omnium consiliorum ei erat conscia) stimulabatur." — This is the whole, that Buchanan says of the *Lady*, and truly I see no more *spirit* in the Scotch than in the English chronicler. "The wordes of the three weird sisters also greatly encouraged him (to the murder of Duncan,) but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of a queene." Edit. 1577, p. 244.

This part of Holinshed is an abridgment of Johne Bellenden's translation of the *noble clerk*, *Hector Boece*, *imprinted at Edinburgh*, in fol. 1541. I will give the passage as it is found there. "His wyfe impacient of lang tary (*as all wemen ar*) specially quhare they are desirus of ony purpos, gaif hym gret artation to pursew the third wierd, that sche micht be ane quene, calland hym oft tymis febyl cowart and nocht desyrus of honouris, sen he durst not assatize the thing with manheid and curage, quhilk is offerit to hym be beniuolence of sortoun. Howbeit sindry otheris hes assailzeit sic thinges afore with maist terribyl jeopardyis, quhen they had not sic sickernes to succeid in the end of thair laubouris as he had." p. 173.

But we can *demonstrate*, that Shakspeare had not the story from Buchanan. According to *him*, the weird sisters salute Macbeth: "Uua Angusiae Thanum, altera Moraviae, tertia Regem." — Thane of Angus, and of Murray, &c. but according to Holinshed, immediately from Bellenden, as it stands in Shakspeare: "The first of them spake and sayde, All hayle Makbeth Thane of Glammis, — the second of them sayde, Hayle Makbeth Thane of Cawdor; but the third sayde, All hayle Makbeth, that hereafter shall be *King of Scotland.*" p. 243.

1. With. *All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!*

2. Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!*

3. Wicth. *All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter!*

Here-to our poet found the equivocal predictions on which his hero so fatally depended: "He had learned of certaine wysards, how that he ought to take heede of Macduffe:— and surely hereupon had he put Macduffe to death, but a certaine witch, whom he had in great trust, had tolde, that he should neuer be slain with *man borne of any woman*, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunsinane." p. 244. And the scene between Malcolm and Macduff in the fourth act is almost literally taken from the *Chronicle.* FARMER.

All hail, *Macbeth!*] *All hail* is a corruption of *al-hael.* Sax. i. e. *ave, salve.* MALONE.

P. 8, l. 10. — *Thane of Glamis!*] The thaneship of *Glamis* was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent

residence of the Earl of Strathmore. See a particular description of it in Mr. Gray's letter to Dr. Wharton, dated from *Glames Castle*.

STEEVENS.

P. 8, l. 12. — *Thane of Cawdor!*] Dr. Johnson observes in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that part of *Calder Castle*, from which Macbeth drew his second title, is still remaining. STEEVENS.

P. 8, l. 20. By *fantastical* is not meant, according to the common signification, creatures of his own brain; for he could not be so extravagant to ask such a question: but it is used for *supernatural, spiritual*. WARBURTON.

By *fantastical*, he means creatures of *fantasy* or imagination: the question is, Are these real beings before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy? JOHNSON.

P. 8, l. 23. *Having* is estate, possession, fortune. STEEVENS.

P. 8, l. 24. *Rapt* is rapturously affected, *extra se raptus*. STEEVENS.

P. 9, l. 11. *Sinel*, is the father of Macbeth. POPE.

His true name, which however appears, but perhaps only typographically, corrupted to *Synele* in Hector Boethius, from whom, by means of his old Scottish translator, it came to the knowledge of Holinshed, was *Finleg*. Both *Finlay* and *Macbeath* are common surnames in Scotland at this moment. RITSON.

P. 9, l. 23. The *insane* root is the root which makes insane. THEOBALD.

Shakspeare alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlock. STEEVENS.

The commentators have given themselves much trouble to ascertain the *name* of this root, but its

name was, I believe, unknown to Shakspeare, as it is to his readers; Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, having probably furnished him with the only knowledge he had of its qualities, without specifying its name. MALONE.

P. 9, last l, and P. 10. first I. *His wonders and his praises do contend,*
Which should be thine, or his:] i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them publick justice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence. — Or, — There is a contest in his mind wheter he should indulge his desire of publishing to the world the commendations due to your heroism, or wheter he should remain in silent admiration of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its desert.

Mr. M. Mason would read *wonder*, not *wonders*; for, says he, "I believe the word *wonder*, in the sense of *admiration*, has no plural." In modern language it certainly has none; yet I cannot help tinking that, in the present instance, plural was opposed to plural by Shakspeare.

STEEVENS.

P. 10, first I. — Silenc'd with that,] i. e. wrapp'd in silent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth, &c. MALONE.

P. 10, l. 5. 6. — — *As thick as tale,*
Came post with post;] Meaning, that the news came as *thick* as a *tale* can *travel* with the *post*. Or we may read, perhaps, yet better:

— — *As thick as tale,*
Came *post with post;* — —

That is, posts arrived as fast as they could be counted. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads — *Can* post. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. Dr. Johnson's explanation would

be less exceptionable, if the old copy had — As *quick* as tale. *Thick* applies but ill to *tale*, and seems rather to favour Mr. Rowe's emendation.

MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is perfectly justifiable. As *thick*, in ancient language, signified as *fast*. To *speak thick*, in our author, does not therefore mean, to have a *cloudy indistinct utterance*, but to *deliver words with rapidity*. *Thick* therefore is not less applicable to *tale*, the old reading, than to *hail*, the alteration of Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

P. 10, l. 33. — trusted *home*,] i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on. STEEVENS.

The added word *home* shows clearly, in my apprehension, that our author wrote — That *thrusted* home; an expression used at this day; but "*trusted* home," I believe, was never used at any period whatsoever. MALONE.

P. 10, last l. but one. Might yet *enkindle* you unto the crown,] *Enkindle*, for to stimulate you to seek. WARBURTON.

Might *fire* you with the hope of obtaining the crown. HENLEY.

P. 11, l. 6. *Two truths are told*,] How the former of these truths has been fulfilled, we are yet to learn Macbeth could not become Thane of Glamis, till after his father's decease, of which there is no mention throughout the play. If the Hag only announced what Macbeth already understood to have happened, her words could scarcely claim rank as a prediction.

STEEVENS.

From the Scottish translation of Boethius it should seem that Sinel, the father of Macbeth, died after Macbeth's having been met by the weird

sisters. This indeed is inconsistent with our author's words, "By Sinel's death, I know, *I am* Thane of Glamis;— but Holinshed, who was his guide, in his abridgment of the history of Boethius, has particulary mentioned that Sinel died *before* Macbeth met the weird sisters: we may therefore be sure that Shakspeare meant it to be understood that Macbeth had already acceded to his paternal title. Bellenden only says, "The first of thaim said to Macbeth, Hale Thane of Glammis. The secound said, &c." But in Holinshed the relation runs thus, conformably to the Latin original: "The first of them spake and said, All haile Macbeth, Thane of Glammis (*for he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell*). The second of them said," &c.

Still however the objection made by Mr. Steevens remains in its full force; for since he knew that "by Sinel's death he was Thane of Glamis," how can this salutation be considered as *prophetick?* Or why should he afterwards say, with *admiration*, "GLAMIS, and Thane of Cawdor;" &c? Perhaps we may suppose that the father of Macbeth died so recently before his interview with the weirds, that the news of it had not yet got abroad; in which case, though Macbeth himself knew it, he might consider their giving him the title of Thane of Glamis as a proof of supernatural intelligence.

I suspect our author was led to use the expressions which have occasioned the present note, by the following words of Holinshed: "The same night after, at supper, Banquo jested with him, and said, Now Macbeth, thou hast obteined *those things which the* TWO *former sisters* PROPHESIED: there

there remaineth onelie for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to passe."

MALONE.

P. 11, I. 9. *Soliciting* for information.

WARBURTON.

Soliciting is rather, in my opinion, *incitement*, than *information*. JOHNSON.

P. 11, l. 13. — I yield to that *suggestion*.] i. e. temptation. STEEVENS.

P. 11, l. 15. — *seated* —] i. e. fixed, firmly placed. STEEVENS.

P. 11, l. 16. 17. — — — *Present fears*

Are less than horrible imaginings:] *Present fears* are *fears of things present*, which Macbeth declares, and every man has found, to be less than the *imagination* presents them while the objects are yet distant. JOHNSON.

By *present fears* is meant, the *actual presence of any objects of terror*. So, in Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, Curio says to Alphonso,

"Mercy upon me, Sir, why are you *feared* thus?"

Meaning, thus *affrighted*. M. MASON.

P. 11, l. 19. The *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakspeare for an *individual*, in opposition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunct body*.

JOHNSON.

By *single* state of man, Shakspeare might possibly mean somewhat more than *individuality*. He who, in the peculiar situation of Macbeth, is meditating a murder, dares not communicate his thoughts, and consequently derives neither spirit, nor advantage, from the countenance, or sagacity, of others. This state of man may properly be styled *single*, solitary, or defenceless, as it excludes the benefits of participation, and has no re-

sources but in itself. It should be observed, however, that *double* and *single* anciently signified *strong* and *weak*, when applied to liquors, and perhaps to other objects. The *single* state of Macbeth may therefore signify his *weak* and *debile* state of mind. STEEVENS.

P. 11, l. 19-21. — — — *that function*
Is smother'd in *surmise*, and nothing is,
But what is not.] All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence. JOHNSON.

Surmise, is speculation, conjecture concerning the future. MALONE.

P. 11, l. 31. *Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.*] "By this, I confess, I do not with his two last commentators imagine is meant either the tautology of time and the hour, or an allusion to time painted with an hour-glass, or an exhortation to time to hasten forward, but rather to say *tempus et hora*, time and occasion, will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will." This note is taken from an *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

Such tautology is common to Shakspeare.

"The very *head* and *front* of my offending," is little less reprehensible. *Time and the hour*, is Time with his hours. STEEVENS.

P. 11, last l. but one. — *favour:*] i. e. indulgence, pardon. STEEVENS.

P. 11, last l. - *my dull brain was wrought*]

My head was *worked, agitated,* put into commotion. JOHNSON.

P. 12, l. 1-3. — — — *your pains*
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. —] He means, as Mr. Upton has observed, that they are registered in the table-book of his heart. So Hamlet speaks of the *table* of his *memory*. MALONE.

P. 12, l. 5. *The interim having weigh'd it;*] This *intervening portion of time* is almost personified: it is represented as a cool impartial judge; as *the pauser Reason*. Or perhaps we should read—*I' th' interim*. STEEVENS.

I believe, *the interim* is used adverbially: "you having weighed it *in* the interim."

MALONE.

P. 12. l. 14. and fol. The behaviour of the *Thane of Cawdor* corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate Earl of Essex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His asking the Queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian. Such an allusion could not fail of having the desired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye-witnesses to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakspeare's patron, of his dearest friend. STEEVENS.

P. 12, l. 23. — *studied in his death,*] Instructed in the art of dying. It was usual to say *studied,* for *learned* in science. JOHNSON.

His own profession furnished our author with this phrase. To be *studied* in a part, or to have *studied* it, is yet the technical term of the theatre.

MALONE.

P. 12, l. 27. The *construction of the mind* is, I believe, a phrase peculiar to Shakspeare: it implies the *frame* or *disposition* of the mind, by which it is determined to good or ill. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson seems to have understood the word *construction* in this place, in the sense of *frame* or *structure*; but the school-term was, I believe, intended by Shakspeare. The meaning is, — *We cannot* construe *or discover the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face.* MALONE.

P. 13, l. 9. *More is thy due than more than all can pay.*] More is due to thee, than, I will not say *all*, but, *more* than all, i. e. the greatest recompence, can pay. Thus in Plautus: *Nihilo minus.*

There is an obscurity in this passage, arising from the word *all* which is not used here personally (more than all persons can pay) but for the whole wealth of the speaker. MALONE.

P. 13, l. 15. *Which do but what they should, by doing every thing*] From Scripture: "So when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." HENLEY.

P. 13, l. 17. *Safe toward your love and honour.*] Mr. Upton gives the word *safe* as an instance of an adjective used adverbially. STEEVENS.

Read — "*Safe* (i. e. saved) toward *you* love and honour;"

and then the sense will be — "Our duties are your children, and servants or vassals to your throne and state; who do but what they should, by doing every thing, with a saving of their love and ho-

nour toward you." The whole is an allusion to the forms of doing homage in the feudal times. The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the King was absolute and without any exception; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the sovereign. "*Sauf la foy que jeo doy a nostre seignor le roy*," as it is in Littleton. And though the expression be somewhat stiff and forced, it is not more so than many others in this play, and suits well with the situation of Macbeth, now beginning to waver in his allegiance. For, as our author elsewhere says, [in *Julius Caesar*:]

"When love begins to sicken and decay,
"It useth an enforced ceremony."

BLACKSTONE.

P. 13, l. 20. To make thee *full of growing*.] Is, I believe, exuberant, perfect, complete in thy growth. MALONE.

P. 14, first l. — From hence to *Inverness*,] Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth at *Inverness* are yet standing.

STEEVENS.

The circumstance of Duncan's visiting Macbeth is supported by history; for, from the Scottish Chronicle, it appears, that it was customary for the King to make a progress through his dominions every year. *Fordun. Scotichron.* Lib. IV. c. xliv. and. Buchan. Lib. VII. MALONE.

P. 14, l. 9. *The Prince of Cumberland!*] So, Holinshed, *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 171: "Duncan having two sonnes, &c. he made the elder of them, called *Malcolme*, Prince of *Cumberland*, as it were thereby to appoint him successor in his king-

dome immediatlie after his decease. Mackbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this meanes his hope sore hindered, (where, by the old lawes of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of bloud unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarrel so to doe (as he tooke the matter,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might, in time to come, pretend unto the crowne." The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a King (as was often the case,) the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief. STEEVENS.

The former part of Mr. Steeven's remark is supported by Bellenden's Translation of *Hector Boethius*. So also Buchanan, Rerum Scoticarum Hist. lib. vii. It has been asserted by an anonymous writer [Mr. Ritson] that "the crown of Scotland was always hereditary, and that it should seem from the play that Malcolm was the *first* who had the title of *Prince* of Cumberland." An extract or two from Hector Boethius will be sufficient relative to these points. In the tenth chapter of the eleventh book of his History we are informed, that some of the friends of Kenneth III. the eightieth King of Scotland, came among the nobles, desiring them to choose Malcolm, the son of Keuneth, to be Lord Cumbir, "*yt he mycht be yt way the better cum to ye crown after his faderis*

deid." Two of the nobles said, it was in the power of Kenneth to make whom he pleased Lord of Cumberland; and Malcolm was accordingly appointed. "Sic thingis done, King Kenneth, be advise of his nobles, *abrogat yᵉ auld lawis* concerning the creation of yair King, and made new lawis in manner as followes: 1. The King beand decessit, his eldest son or his eldest nepot, (notwithstanding quhat sumevir age he be of, and youcht he was born efter his faderis death,) sal succede yᵉ croun," &c. Notwithstanding this precaution, Malcolm, the eldest son of Kenneth, did *not* succeed to the throne after the death of his father; for after Kenneth reigned Constantine, the son of King Culyne. To him succeeded Gryme, who was *not* the son of Constantine, but the grandson of King Duffe. Gryme, says Boethius, came to Scone, "quhare he was crownit by the tenour of the auld lawis." After the death of Gryme, Malcolm, the son of King Kenneth, whom Boethius frequently calls *Prince* of Cumberland, bekame King of Scotland; and to him succeeded Duncan, the son of his eldest daughter. These breaches, however, in the succession appear to have been occasioned by violence in turbulent times; and though the eldelst son could not succeed to the throne, if he happened to be a minor at the death of his father, yet, as by the ancient laws the *next of blood* was to reign, the Scottish monarchy may be said so have been hereditary, subject however to peculiar regulations.

MALONE.

P. 14, l. 17. True, — he is full so valiant;] i. e. *he is to the full as valiant as you have described him.* Who must imagine, that while Macbeth was uttering the six preceding lines,

Duncan and Banquo had been conferring apart. Macbeth's conduct appears to have been their subject; and to some encomium supposed to have been bestowed on him by Banquo, the reply of Duncan refers. STEEVENS.

P. 14, l. 27. — *by the perfectest report,*] By the best intelligence. JOHNSON.

P. 15, l. 2. — *missives* — i. e. messengers. STEEVENS.

P. 15, l. 21-24. — *thoud'st have,* &c.] As the object of Macbeth's, desire is here introduced speaking of itself, it is necessary to read,

— *thou'd'st have, great Glamis,*
That which cries, thus thou must do, if thou have *me.* JOHNSON.

P. 15, l. 23-26. — *Thus thou* must do, &c.] The construction, perhaps, is, thou would'st have that, [i. e. the crown,] which cries unto thee, *thou must do thus, if thou wouldst have it, and* thou must do *that which rather,* &c. Sir T. Hanmer without necessity reads — And that's what rather. — The difficulty of this line and the succeeding hemistich seems to have arisen from their not being considered as part of the speech uttered by the object of Macbeth's ambition. As such they appear to me, and I have therefore distinguished them by Italicks. MALONE.

This regulation is certainly proper, and I have followed it. STEEVENS.

P. 15, l. 30. For *seem,* the sense evidently directs us to read *seek.* The crown to which fate destines thee, and which preternatural agents *endeavour* to bestow upon thee. The *golden round* is the *diadem.* JOHNSON.

Metaphysical which Dr. Warburton has justly observed, means *supernatural,* seems in our au-

thor's time to have had no other meaning. In the *English Dictionary* by H. C. 1655, *Metaphysicks* are thus explained: "Supernatural arts."

MALONE.

P. 16, l. 12. — *The raven himself is hoarse,*] Dr. Warburton reads:

— *The raven himself's* not *hoarse,*

Yet I think the present words may stand. The messenger, says the servant, had hardly breath *to make up his message;* to which the lady answers mentally, that he may well want breath, such a message would add hoarseness to the raven. That even the bird, whose harsh voice is accustomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance of* Duncan but in a note of unwonted harshness. JOHNSON.

The following is, in my opinion, the sense of this passage.

Give him tending; the news he brings are worth the speed that made him lose his breath. [*Exit Attendant.*] 'Tis certain now—*the raven himself* is spent, is *hoarse* by croaking this very message, *the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements.*

Lady Macbeth (for she was not yet *unsexed*) was likelier to be deterred from her design than encouraged in it by the supposed thought that the message and the prophecy, (though equally secrets to the messenger and the raven,) had deprived the one of speech, and added harshness to the other's note. Unless we absurdly suppose the messenger acquainted with the hidden import of his message, *speed* alone had intercepted his breath, as *repetition* the raven's voice; though the lady considered both as organs of that destiny which hurried Duncan into her meshes. FUSELI.

P. 16, l. 16. — *mortal thoughts,*] This expression signifies not *the thoughts of mortals*, but *murderous, deadly*, or *destructive designs.* JOHNSON.

P. 16, l. 19. *Remorse*, in ancient language, signifies pity. STEEVENS.

P. 16, l. 20-22. *That no compunctious visitings* &c.] The intent of Lady Macbeth evidently is to wish that no womanish tenderness, or conscientious remorse, may hinder her purpose from proceeding to effect; but neither this, nor indeed any other sense, is expressed by the present reading, and therefore it cannot be doubted that Shakspeare wrote differently, perhaps thus;

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace *between*
The effect and it. —

To *keep* pace *between*, may signify *to pass between*, to *intervene*. *Pace* is on many occasions a favourite of Shakspeare's. This phrase is indeed not usual in this sense; but was it not its novelty that gave occasion to the present corruption? JOHNSON.

P. 16, l. 23. *And take my milk for gall,*] *Take* away *my milk*, and put *gall* into the place. JOHNSON.

P. 16, l. 26. *Nature's mischief* is mischief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedness. JOHNSON.

P. 16, l. 27. — *pall* thee —] i. e. wrap thyself in a *pall.* WARBURTON.

A *pall* is a robe of state. So, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date;

"The knyghtes were clothed in *pall.*"

Dr. Warburton seems to mean the covering which is thrown over the dead.

To *pall*, however, in the present instance, (as Mr. Douce observes to me,) may simply mean —to *wrap*, to *invest*. STEEVENS.

P. 26, l. 28. The word *knife*, which at present has a familiar undignified meaning, was anciently used to express a *sword or dagger*.

STEEVENS.

To avoid a multitude of examples, which in the present instance do not seem wanted, I shall only observe that Mr. Steevens's remark might be confirmed by quotations without end. REED.

Blanket was perhaps suggested to our poet by the coarse *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which probably, while the house was yet but half-lighted, he had himself often *peeped*.

MALONE.

P. 16, l. 27-30. *And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!* &c. &c.]

On this passage there is a long criticism in the *Rambler*, Number 168. JOHNSON.

In this criticism the epithet *dun* is objected to as a mean one. Milton, however, appears to have been of a different opinion, and has represented Satan as flying

"— in the *dun* air sublime" STEEVENS.

The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat in a place inclosed: and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid *hold*, but the ge-

neral." P. 264 of Mr. Bellay's *Instructions for the Wars*, translated in 1589. TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's note will likewise illustrate the last line in Macbeth's concluding speech:

"And damn'd be him who first cries, *hold, enough!*" STEEVENS.

P. 16, last l. Shakspeare has supported the character of lady Macbeth by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings, to this monster of his own creation. The softer passions are more obliterated in her than in her husband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with such a salutation as would have become one of his friends or vassals; a salutation apparently fitted rather to raise his thoughts to a level with her own purposes, than to testify her joy at his return, or manifest an attachment to his person: nor does any sentiment expressive of love or softness fall from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himself, amidst the horrors of his guilt, still retains a character less fiend-like than that of his Queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderness, and pours his complaints and fears into her bosom, accompanied with terms of endearment. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 4. *Ignorant* has here the signification of *unknowing;* that is, I feel by anticipation those future honours, of which, according to the process of nature, the present time would be *ignorant.* JOHNSON.

P. 17, l. 12. 13. *Your face,* my Thane, *is as a book,* &c.] That is, thy looks are such as will awaken men's curiosity,

excite their attention, and make room for suspicion. HEATH.

P. 17, last l. *Seat* here means *situation*. Lord Bacon says, "He that builds a faire house upon an *ill seat*, committeth himself to prison." REED.

This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlet's nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a Prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion. Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. — This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestick life. SIR J. REYNOLDS.

P. 18, l. 2. *Senses* are nothing more *than each man's sense*. *Gentle sense* is very elegant, as it means *placid, calm, composed*, and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day. JOHNSON.

P. 18, l. 4. — *martlet*,] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet*. JOHNSON.

P. 18, l. 7. — *coigne of vantage,* —] Convenient corner. JOHNSON.

P. 18, l. 13 — 16. The love that follows us, &c. &c.] *The attention that is paid us* (says Duncan on seeing Lady Macbeth come to meet him,) *sometimes gives us pain, when we reflect that we give trouble to others; yet still we cannot but be pleased with such attentions, because they are a proof of affection.* So far is clear; — but of the following words, I confess, I have no very distinct conception, and suspect them to be corrupt. Perhaps the meaning is, — *By being the occasion of so much trouble I furnish you with a motive to pray to heaven to reward me for the pain I give you,* inasmuch as the having such an opportunity of showing your loyalty may hereafter prove beneficial to you; *and herein also I afford you a motive to thank me for the trouble I give you,* because by showing me so much attention, (however painful it may be to me to be the cause of it,) you have an opportunity of displaying an amiable character, and of ingratiating yourself with your sovereign: which finally may bring you both profit and honour. MALONE.

This passage is undoubtedly obscure, and the following is the best explication of it I am able to offer.

Marks of respect importunately shown, are sometimes troublesome, though we are still bound to be grateful for them as indications of sincere attachment. If you pray for us on account of the trouble we create in your house, and thank us for the molestations we bring with us, it must be on such a principle. Herein I teach you, that the inconvenience you suffer, is the

result of our affection; and that you are therefore to pray for us, or thank us, only as far as prayers and thanks can be deserved for kindnesses that fatigue, and honours that oppress. You are, in short, to make your acknowledgements for intended respect and love, however irksome our present mode of expressing them may have proved. — To *bid* is here used in the Saxon sense—to *pray*. STEEVENS.

To bid any one *God-yeld him*, i. e. *God-yield him*, was the same as God reward him.

WARBURTON.

I believe *yield*, or, as it is in the folio of 1623, *eyld*, is a corrupted contraction of *shield*. The wish implores not *reward*, but *protection*.

JOHNSON.

I rather believe it to be a corruption of *God-yield*, i. e. reward. STEEVENS.

P. 18, l. 23. *Hermits*, for beadsmen.

WARBURTON.

That is, we as *hermits* shall always pray for you. STEEVENS.

P. 18, l. 31–33. and P. 19, l. 1. 2. *Your servants* &c. &c.] The metaphor in this speech is taken from the Steward's compting house or audit-room. *In compt*, means, *subject to account*. The sense of the whole is: — *We, and all who belong to us, look upon our lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have received merely for your use, and for which we must be accountable whenever you please to call us to our audit; when, like faithful stewards, we shall be ready to answer your summons, by returning you what is your own.* STEEVENS.

P. 19, l. 10. *Enter, and pass over the stage,*

a sewer,] I have restored this stage-direction from the old copy. The office of a *sewer* was to place the dishes in order at a feast. His chief mark of distinction was a towel round his arm.

STEEVENS.

P. 19, l. 12. and fol. *If it were done,* &c.] A sentiment parallel to this occurs in *The Proceedings against Garnet* in the Powder Plot. "It would have been commendable, when it had been done, though not before." FARMER.

Of this soliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakspeare agreeing about it. I understand it thus:

"If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it would then be best *to do it quickly:* if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if *its success* could secure *its surcease,* if, being once done *successfully*, without detection, it could *fix a period* to all vengeance and enquiry, so that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even *here* in *this world*, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, *I would jump the life to come,* I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of *those cases* in which judgement is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here* in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example." JOHNSON.

We are told by Dryden, that "Ben Jonson in reading some bombast speeches in *Macbeth,* which *are not to be understood,* used to say that it was *horrour.*"

horrour." — Perhaps the present passage was one of those thus depreciated. Any person but this envious detractor would have dwelt with pleasure on the transcendent beauties of this sublime tragedy, which, after *Othello*, is perhaps our author's greatest work; and would have been more apt to have been thrown "into strong shudders" and blood-freezing "agues," by its interesting and high-wrought scenes, than to have been offended by any imaginary hardness of its language; for such, it appears from the context, is what he meant by *horrour*. That there are difficult passages in this tragedy, cannot be denied; but that there are "some *bombast* speeches in it, *which are not to be understood*," as Dryden asserts, will not very readily be granted to him. From this assertion however, and the verbal alterations made by him and Sir W. D'Avenant in some of our author's plays, I think it clearly appears that Dryden and the other poets of the time of Charles II. were not very deeply skilled in the language of their predecessors, and that Shakspeare was not so well understood fifty years after his death, as he is at this day. MALONE.

P. 19, l. 16. *With his surcease, success;*] I think the reasoning requires that we should read:

With its success surcease. — JOHNSON.

A *trammel* is a net in which either birds or fishes are caught. *Surcease* is cessation, stop. STEEVENS.

The personal pronouns are so frequently used by Shakspeare, instead of the impersonal, that no amendment would be necessary in this passage, even if it were certain that the pronoun *his* refers to *assassination*, which seems to be the opinion of Johnson and Steevens; but I think it

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more probable that it refers to *Duncan*; and that by *his surcease* Macbeth means *Duncan's death*, which was the object of his contemplation.

M. MASON.

His certainly may refer to *assassination*, (as Dr. Johnson by his proposed alteration seems to have thought it did,) for Shakspeare very frequently uses *his* for *its*. But in this place perhaps *his* refers to Duncan; and the meaning may be, If the assassination, at the same time that it puts an end to the life of Duncan, could procure me unalloyed happiness, promotion to the crown unmolested by the compunctious visitings of conscience, &c. To *cease* often signifies in these plays to *die*. I think, however, it is more probable that *his* is used for *its*, and that it relates to *assassination*.

MALONE.

P. 19, l. 19. — *shoal of time* —] This is Theobald's emendation, undoubtedly right. The old edition has *school*, and Dr. Warburton *shelve*.

JOHNSON.

By the *shoal of time* our author means the shallow ford of life, between us and the abyss of eternity. STEEVENS.

P. 19, l. 20. "We'd *jumb* the life to come," certainly means, We'd *hazard* or run the risk of what might happen in a future state of being.

MALONE.

P. 19, l. 23. — *This* even-handed justice] Mr. M. Mason observes that we migt more advantageously read — *Thus* even-handed justice, &c.

STEEVENS.

The old reading I believe to be the true one, because Shakspeare has very frequently used this mode of expression. MALONE.

P. 19, l. 30. *Faculties*, for office, exercise of power, &c. WARBURTON.

P. 20, l. 4. *Courier* is only *runner*. *Couriers of air* are *winds*, air in motion. *Sightless* is *invisible*. JOHNSON.

The thought of the *cherubin* (as has been somewhere observed) seems to have been borrowed from the eighteenth Psalm: "He rode upon the *cherubins* and did fly; he came *flying upon the wings of the wind.*" MALONE.

P. 20, l. 6. *That tears shall drown the wind.* —] Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower. JOHNSON.

P. 20, l. 7. The *spur of the occasion* is a phrase used by lord Bacon. STEEVENS.

P. 20, l. 6-10. — *I have no spur* &c.] Macbeth, as I apprehend, is meant for the rider, his *intent* for his horse, and his *ambition* for his *spur*; but, unluckily, as the words are arranged, the *spur* is said to *over-leap* itself. Such hazardous things are long-drawn metaphors in the hands of careless writers. STEEVENS.

P. 20, l. 11 — P. 22, l. 1-8. The arguments by which lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has for ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

This topick, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene with peculiar propriety to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier; and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan, another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them: this argument Shakspeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shown that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter; that obligations, laid on us by a higher power, could not be over-ruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves. JOHNSON.

P. 20, l. 28-30. — — *Would'st thou have that*
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;]

In this there seems to be no reasoning. I should read:

Or *live a coward in thine own esteem;*

Unless we choose rather:

— *Would'st thou* leave *that.* JOHNSON.

Do you wish to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain such a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to suffer your paltry fears, which whisper, "I dare not," *to control your noble ambition, which cries out,* "I would?"

STEEVENS.

P. 20, last l. but one. *Like the poor cat i' the adage?*] The adage allu-

ded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet:*

"Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas." JOHNSON.

P. 21, l. 7. 8. — — Nor time, nor place,
Did then *adhere,*] Thus the old copy. Dr. Warburton would read — *cohere*, not improperly, but without necessity. STEEVENS.

P. 21, l. 18. — *screw your courage to the sticking-place.*] This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *sticking place* is the *stop* which suspends its powers, till they are discharged on their proper object; as in driving piles, &c. Perhaps indeed Shakspeare had a more familiar image in view, and took his metaphor from the *screwing up* the chords of string-instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking-place*, i. e. in the place from which it is not to move. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's last interpretation is, in my apprehension, the true one. MALONE.

P. 21, l. 21. 22. — — *his two chamberlains*
Will I with wine and wassel so convince.]
The circumstance relative to Macbeth's slaughter of Duncan's *Chamberlains*, (as I observed so long ago, as 1773,) is copied from Holinshed's account of King Duffe's murder by Donwald. Mr. Malone has since transcribed the whole narrative of this event from the Chronicle. STEEVENS.

To *convince* is, in Shakspeare, to *overpower* or *subdue*, as in this play:

"— Their malady *convinces*
"The great assay of art." JOHNSON.

What was anciently called *was-haile* (as appears from Selden's notes on the ninth song of

Drayton's *Polyolbion*) was an annual custom observed in the country on the vigil of the new year; and had its beginning, as some say, from the words which Ronix daughter of Hengist used, when she drank to Vortigern, *loverd king was-heil;* he answering her, by direction of an interpreter, *drinc-heile;* and then, as Geoffry of Monmouth says,

"Kuste hire and sitte hire adoune and glad dronke hire *heil;*
"And that was tho in this land the verst *was-hail,*
"As in langage of Saxoyne that me might evere iwite,
"And so wel he paith the folc about, that he is not yut voryute."

Afterwards it appears that *was-haile*, and *drinc-heil*, were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English, as we may see from *Thomas de la Moore* in the *Life of Edward II.* and in the lines of Hanvil the monk, who preceded him:

"Ecce vagante ciso distento gutture *wass-heil,*
"Ingeminant *wass-heil* ——"

But Selden rather conjectures it to have been a usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of *health-wishing*, supposing the expression to be corrupted from *wish-heil.*

Wassel or *Wassail* is a word still in use in the midland counties, and signifies at present what is called Lambs-Wool, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice.

Ben Jonson personifies *wassel* thus: — *Enter* Wassel *like a neat sempster and songster, her page bearing a brown bowl drest with ribbands and rosemary, before her.*

Wassel is, however, sometimes used for gene-

ral riot, intemperance, or festivity. On the present occasion I believe it means *intemperance*.

STEEVENS.

P. 21, l. 23. A *warder* is a guard, a sentinel.

STEEVENS.

P. 21, l. 24. — the *receipt* — i. e. *receptacle*.

MALONE.

P. 21, l. 24. 25. *Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason*

A limbeck only:] That is, shall be only a vessel to emit *fumes* or *vapours*.

JOHNSON.

The *limbeck* is the vessel, through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient. So shall it be with memory; through which every thing shall pass, and nothing remain. A. C.

P. 21, l. 26. Their *drenched* natures lie,] i. e. as we should say at present, — *soaked*, saturated with liquor. STEEVENS.

P. 21, l. 30. *Quell* is *murder*, *manquellers* being in the old language the term for which *murderers* is now used. JOHNSON.

P. 22, l. 1-3. *Who dares receive it other*, &c.] So, in Holinshed: "— he burthen'd the chamberleins, whom he had slaine, with all the fault, they having the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore *it could not be otherwise* (said he) but that they were of counsel in the committing of that most detestable murther." MALONE.

P. 22, l. 4. 5. I am settled, and *bend up*

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.]

A metaphor from the bow.

Till this instant, the mind of Macbeth has been in a state of uncertainty and fluctuation. He has

hitherto proved neither resolutely good, nor obstinately wicked. Though a bloody idea had arisen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance. — At the conclusion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to hasten the decree of fate, and quits the stage with an apparent resolution to murder his sovereign. But no sooner is the King under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative situation, he determines not to offend against the laws of hospitality, or the ties of subjection, kindred, and gratitude. His wife then assails his constancy afresh. He yields to her suggestions, and with his integrity, his happiness is destroyed.

I have enumerated the particulars, because the waverings of Macbeth have, by some criticks, been regarded as unnatural and contradictory circumstances in his character; not remembering that *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, or that (as Angelo observes)

"——when once our grace we have forgot,
"Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not—:"

a passage which contains no unapt justification of the changes that happen in the conduct of Macbeth.

STEEVENS.

P. 22, l. 10. The place is not mark'd in the old edition, nor is it easy to say where this encounter can be. It is not in the *hall*, as the editors have all supposed it, for Banquo sees the sky; it is not far from the bedchamber, as the conversation shows; it must be in the inner court of the castle, which Banquo might properly cross in his way to bed. JOHNSON.

P. 22, l. 19. *Husbandry* here means *thrift, frugality*. MALONE.

P. 22, l. 23-25. — — — *Merciful powers!*
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!] It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shock'd at; and Shakspeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder.

The same kind of invocation occurs in *Cymbeline*:

"Prom fairies, and the *tempters of the night*,
"Guard me!" STEEVENS.

P. 23, l. 4. *Offices* are the rooms appropriated to servants and culinary purposes. Duncan was pleased with his entertainment, and dispensed his bounty to those who had prepared it. All the modern editors have transferred this largess to the officers of Macbeth, who would more properly have been rewarded in the field, or at their return to court. STEEVENS.

P. 23, l. 6. To *shut up*, is to conclude. STEEVENS.

P. 23, l. 8-10. *Being unprepar'd,*
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.] This is obscurely expressed. The meaning seems to be: — Being unprepared, our entertainment was necessarily *defective*, and we only had it in our power to show the King our *willingness* to *serve* him. Had we received sufficient notice of his coming, our zeal should have been more clearly manifested by our *acts*.

Which refers, not to the last antecedent, *defect*, but to *will*. MALONE.

P. 23, l. 11. *All's well.*] I suppose the poet originally wrote (that the preceding verse might be completed) — "*Sir*, all his well." STEEVENS.

P. 23, l. 19-21. *If you shall cleave to my consent, — when 'tis,*
It shall make honour for you.] *Consent* for will. So that the sense of the line is, If you shall go into my measures when I have determined of them, or when the time comes that I want your assistance. WARBURTON.

Macbeth expresses his thought with affected obscurity; he does not mention the royalty, though he apparently had it in his mind. *If you shall cleave to my consent*, if you shall concur with me when I determine to accept the crown, *when 'tis*, when that happens which the prediction promises, *it shall make honour for you.* JOHNSON.

The meaning of Macbeth is as follows: — *If you shall cleave to my consent* — i. e. if you shall stick, or adhere, to my *party* — *when 'tis*, i. e. at the time when such a *party* is formed, your conduct shall produce honour for you.

That *consent* means *participation*, may be proved from a passage in the 50th Psalm. I cite

the translation 1568. "When thou sawedst a thiefe, thou dydst *consent unto* hym, and hast been partaker with the adulterers." In both instances the *particeps criminis* is spoken of.

Macbeth mentally refers to the crown he expected to obtain in consequence of the murder he was about to commit. The commentator, indeed, (who is acquainted with what precedes and follows) comprehends all that passes in the mind of the speaker; but Banquo is still in ignorance of it. His reply is only that of a man who determines to combat every possible temptation to do ill; and therefore expresses a resolve that in spite of future combinations of interest, or struggles for power, he will attempt nothing that may obscure his present honours, alarm his conscience, or corrupt his loyalty.

Macbeth could never mean, while yet the success of his attack on the life of Duncan was uncertain, to afford Banquo the most dark or distant hint of his criminal designs on the crown. Had he acted thus incautiously, Banquo would naturally have become his accuser, as soon as the murder had been discovered. STEEVENS.

That Banquo was apprehensive of a design upon the crown, is evident from his reply, which affords Macbeth so little encouragement, that he drops the subject. RITSON.

The word *consent* has always appeared to me unintelligible in the first of these lines, and was, I am persuaded, a mere errour of the press. A passage in *The Tempest* leads me to think that our author wrote — *content*.

The meaning then of the present difficult passage, thus corrected, will be, — If you will closely adhere to my cause, if you will promote, as far as

you can, what is likely to contribute to my satisfaction and *content*,— *when 'tis*, when the prophecy of the weird sisters is fulfilled, when I am seated on the throne, the event shall make honour for you.

The word *content* admits of this interpretation, and is supported by several other passages in our author's plays; the word *consent*, in my apprehension, affords here no meaning whatsoever.

Consent or *concent* may certainly signify *harmony*, and in a metaphorical sense that *union* which binds to each other a party or number of men, leagued together for a particular purpose; but it can no more signify, as I conceive, the *party*, or body of men so combined together, or the *cause* for which they are united, than the harmony produced by a number of musical instruments can signify the instruments themselves or the musicians that play upon them.

If this correction be just, "In seeking to augment *it*," in Banquo's reply, may *perhaps* relate not to his own honour, but to Macbeth's *content*. "On condition that I lose no honour, in seeking to increase *your satisfcetion*, or *content*,—to gratify your wishes," &c. The words however may be equally commodiously interpreted, — "Provided that in *seeking an increase of honour*, I lose none," &c. MALONE.

P. 23, l. 29. — — when my *drink* is ready,] See note on "their *possets*," to P. 25, l. 12.

STEEVENS.

P. 23, l. 34. — clutch —] This word, though reprobated by Ben Jonson, who sneers at Decker for using it, was used by other writers beside Decker and our author. MALONE.

P. 24, l. 11. Though *dudgeon* sometimes signifies a *dagger*, it more properly means *the haft*

or *handle* of a dagger, and is used for that particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it. Junius explains the *dudgeon*, i. e. *haft*, by the Latin expression, *manubrium apiatum*, which means *a handle of wood, with a grain rough as if the seeds of parsly were strown over it.*

Gascoigne confirms this: "The most knottie piece of box may be wrought to a fayre *doogen hafte.*" *Gouts* for *drops* is frequent in old English. FARMER.

— *gouts of blood*,] Or drops, French. POPE.

Gouts is the technical term for the *spots* on some part of the plumage of a hawk: or perhaps Shakspeare used the word in allusion to a phrase in heraldry. When a field is charg'd or sprinkled with red drops, it is said to be *gutty of gules*, or *gutty de sang*. STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 15 — 18. — — *Now o'er the one half world*
Nature seems dead, and &c.] That is, *over our hemisphere all actions and motion seem to have ceased.* This image, which is perhaps the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden in his *Conquest of Mexico*:

"All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,
"The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
"The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
"And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews sweat.
"Even lust and envy sleep!"

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and

this passage of Shakspeare may be more accurately observed.

Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep; in that of Shakspeare, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himself lull'd with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shakspeare, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover; the other, of a murderer. JOHNSON.

P. 24, l. 18. The curtain'd sleep; *now* witchcraft celebrates] The word *now* has been added for the sake of metre. Probably Shakspeare wrote: *The curtain'd* sleeper. The folio spells the word *sleepe*, and an addition of the letter *r* only, affords the proposed emendation. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's emendation of "the curtain'd *sleeper*," is well intitled to a place in the text. It is clearly Shakspeare's own word. RITSON.

P. 24, l. 19—25. The old copy — *sides*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope changed *sides* to *strides*. MALONE.

A *ravishing stride* is an action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult, like that of a savage rushing on his prey; whereas the poet is here attempting to exhibit an image of secrecy and caution, of anxious circumspection and guilty timidity, the *stealthy pace* of a *ravisher* creeping into the chamber of a virgin, and of an assassin approaching the bed of him whom he proposes to murder, without awaking him; these he describes as *moving like ghosts*, whose progression is so different from

stride, that it has been in all ages represented to be as Milton expresses it:

"Smooth sliding without step."

This hemistich will afford the true reading of this place, which is, I think, to be corrected thus:

— *and wither'd murder,*
— *thus with his stealthy pace,*
With Tarquin ravishing, slides *tow'rds his design,*
Moves like a ghost.

Tarquin is in this place the general name of a ravisher, and the sense is: Now is the time in which every one is a-sleep, but those who are employed in wickedness; the witch who is sacrificing to Hecate, and the ravisher, and the murderer, who, like me, are stealing upon their prey.

When the reading is thus adjusted, he wishes with great propriety, in the following lines, that the *earth* may not *hear his steps*. JOHNSON.

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnson that a *stride* is always *an action of violence, impetuosity, or tumult*. Spenser uses the word in his *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. viii. and with no idea of violence annexed to it:

"With easy steps so soft as foot could *stride*."

And as an additional proof that a *stride* is not always a *tumultuous effort*, the following instance, from Harrington's *Ariosto*, may be brought:

"He takes a long and leisurable *stride*,
"And longest on the hinder foot he staid," &c.

Whoever has been reduced to the necessity of finding his way about a house in the dark, must know that it is natural to take large *strides*, in

order to feel before us whether we have a safe footing or not. The ravisher and murderer would naturally take such *strides*, not only on the same account, but that their steps might be fewer in number, and the sound of their feet be repeated as seldom as possible. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's observation is confirmed by many instances that occur in our ancient poets.

MALONE.

With Tarquin's ravishing, &c.] The justness of this similitude is not very obvious. But a stanza, in his poem of *Tarquin and Lucrece*, will explain it:

"Now *stole upon the time the dead of nigh*,
"When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
"No comfortable *star did lend his light*,
"No noise but owls' and *wolves' dead boding cries*,
"Now serves the season that they may surprise
"The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and still,
"*While* lust *and* murder *wake*, *to stain and kill*." WARBURTON.

P. 24, l. 25. — *Thou sure and firm-set earth*,] The old copy — Thou *sowre*, &c. which, though an evident corruption, directs us to the reading I have ventured to substitute in its room.

STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 28–30. *Thy very stones prate of my where-about,*
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. —] i. e. lest the noise from the stones take away from this mid-

midnight season that present horror with suits so well with what is going to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? *Silence*, than which nothing can be more horrid to the perpetrator of an atrocious design. This shows a great knowledge of human nature. WARBURTON.

Whether to *take horror from the time* means not rather to *catch it* as communicated, than to *deprive the time of horrour*, deserves to be considered. JOHNSON.

The latter is surely the true meaning. Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such a horror to the night, as suited well with the bloody deed he was perform. Mr. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, observes, that "all general privations are great, because they are all terrible;" and, with other things, he gives *silence* as an instance, illustrating the whole by that remarkable passage in *Virgil*, where amidst all the images of terror that could be united, the circumstance of *silence* is particularly dwelt upon:

"Dii quibus imperium est animarum, umbraeque *silentes*,
"Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte *silentia* late."

When Statius in the Vth book of the Thebaid describes the Lemnian massacre, his frequent notice of the silence and solitude both before and after the deed, is striking in a wonderful degree:

"Conticuere domus, &c." STEEVENS.

In confirmation of Steevens's ingenious note on this passage, it may be observed, that one of the circumstances of horror enumerated by Macbeth is, — *Nature seems dead.* M. MASON.

P. 24, l. 32. *Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.*] Here is evidently a false concord; but it must not be corrected, for it is necessary to the rhyme.

M. MASON.

P. 24, last l. — — *for it is a knell*
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.]
Thus Raleigh, speaking of love, in *England's Helicon*,

"It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
"*That toules all into heauen or hell.*"

Sauncing is probably a mistake for *sacring*.

STEEVENS.

P. 25, l. 10. 11. — — — *and the surfeited grooms*
Do mock their charge with snores:] i. e. By going to sleep, they trifle and make light of the trust reposed in them, that of watching by their King. So, in *Othello:* "O mistress, villainy hath made *mocks* with love." MALONE.

P. 25, l. 12. — their *possets*,] It appears from this passage, as well as from many others in our old dramatick performances, that it was the general custom to eat *possets* just before bed-time. So, in the first part of *K. Edward IV.* by Heywood; "— thou shalt be welcome to beef and bacon, and perhaps a bag-pudding; and my daughter Nell shall pop a *posset* upon thee when thou goest to bed." Macbeth has already said:

"Go bid thy mistress when my *drink* is ready,
"She strike upon the bell."

Lady Macbeth has also just observed

"That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:" and in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Mrs. Quickly promises Jack Rugby a *posset* a night." STEEVENS.

P. 25. l. 21. Compare Euripides, — *Orestes*, v. 1291 — where Electra stands centinel at the door of the palace whilst Orestes is within for the purpose of murdering Helen. The dread of a surprize, and eagerness for the business, make Electra conclude that the deed must be done ere time enough had elapsed for attempting it. She listens with anxious impatience; and hearing nothing, expresses strong fears lest the daggers should have failed. Read the whole passage. S. W.

P. 25, l. 21—23. — — *Had he not resembled My father as he slept, I had done't.*] This is very artful. For, as the poet had drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards *present* objects, yet the likeness of one *past*, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity. WARBURTON.

The same circumstance on a similar occasion is introduced by Statius in the Vth book of his *Thebaid*, v. 236:

Ut vero Alcimeden etiamnum in murmure truncos
Ferre patris vultus, &c.

Thoas was the father of Hypsipyle, the speaker. STEEVENS.

P. 26, l. 22. *Listening their fear.*] i. e. *Listening* to *their fear*, the particle omitted. This is common in our author. STEEVENS.

P. 26, last l. but one. *Sleave* signifies the ravell'd knotty part of the silk, which gives great

trouble and embarrassment to the knitter or weaver. HEATH.

Sleave is properly silk which has not been twisted. STEEVENS.

Sleave appears to have signified *coarse*, *soft*, unwrought silk. *Seta grossolana*, Ital. MALONE.

P. 26, last l. *The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,*] In this encomium upon sleep, amongst the many appellations which are given it, significant of its beneficence and friendliness to life, we find one which conveys a different idea, and by no means agrees with the rest, which is: *The* death *of each day's life.* I make no question but Shakspeare wrote:

The birth *of each day's life:*

The true characteristick of sleep, which repairs the decays of labour, and assists that returning vigour which supplies the next day's activity.

WARBURTON.

The death of each day's life, means *the end of each day's labour, the conclusion of all that bustle and fatigue that each day's life brings with it.* STEEVENS.

P. 27, l. 25. 26. *I'll gild the faces* &c.] Could Shakspeare mean to play upon the similitude of *gild* and *guilt?* JOHNSON.

This quibble too frequently occurs in the old plays. STEEVENS.

P. 27, last lines. — No; this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,

Making the green — one red.] To *incarnardine* is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. *Carnardine* is the old term for *carnation.* STEEVENS.

By *the multitudinous seas*, perhaps the poet meant, not the seas of every denomination, as the Caspian, &c. (as some have thought,) nor the many-coloured seas, (as others contend,) but the seas which swarm with myriads of inhabitants.

Is it objected by Mr. Kenrick, that Macbeth in his present disposition of mind would hardly have adverted to a property of the sea, which has so little relation to the object immediately before him; and if Macbeth had really spoken this speech in his castle of Inverness, the remark would be just. But the critick should have remembered, that this speech is not the real effusion of a distempered mind, but the composition of Shakspeare; of that poet, who has put a circumstantial account of an apothecary's shop into the mouth of Romeo, the moment after he has heard the fatal news of his beloved Juliet's death; — and has made Othello, when in the anguish of his heart he determines to kill his wife, digress from the object which agitates his soul, to describe minutely the course of the Pontick sea.

Mr. Steevens objects in the following note to this explanation, thinking it more probable that Shakspeare should refer "to some visible quality in the ocean," than "to its concealed inhabitants;" to the waters that might admit of discolouration," than, "to the fishes whose hue could suffer no change from the tinct of blood." But in what page of our author do we find his allusions thus curiously rounded, and complete in all their parts? Or rather does not every page of these volumes furnish us with images crouded on each other, that are not naturally connected, and sometimes are even discordant? Hamlet's proposing to take up *arms* against a *sea* of troubles is a well

known example of this kind, and twenty others might be produced. Our author certainly alludes to the waters, which are capable of discoloration, and not to the fishes. His allusion to the waters is expressed by the word *seas;* to which, if he has added an epithet that has no very close connection with the subject immediately before him, he has only followed his usual practice.

If however no allusion was intended to the myriads of inhabitants with which the deep is peopled, I believe by the *multitudinous seas* was meant, not the *many-waved* ocean, as is suggested, but *the countless masses of waters wherever dispersed on the surface of the globe;* the *multitudes of seas,* as Heywood has it in a passage, that perhaps our author remembered: and indeed it must be owned that his having used the plural *seas* seems to countenance such an interpretation; for the singular *sea* is equally suited to the epithet *multitudinous* in the sense of ιχθυοεντα, and would certainly have corresponded better with the subsequent line. MALONE.

I believe that Shakspeare referred to some visible quality in the ocean, rather than to its concealed inhabitants: to the waters that might admit of discoloration, and not to the fishes whose hue could suffer no change from the tinct of blood. Waves appearing over waves are no unapt symbol of a crowd. He who beholds an audience from the stage or any other multitude gazing on any particular object, must perceive that their heads are raised over each other, *velut unda supervenit undam.* If therefore our author by the "*multitudinous* sea" does not mean the *aggregate of seas,* he must be understood to design the *multitude of*

waves, or *the waves that have the appearance of a multitude.* STEEVENS.

The last line of the passage before us, on the suggestion of the ingenious author of *The Gray's-Inn Journal*, has been printed in some late editions in the following manner:

Making the green—one red.

Every part of this line, as thus regulated, appears to me exceptionable. *One red* does not sound to my ear as the phraseology of the age of Elizabeth; and *the green*, for the green *one*, or for the green *sea*, is, I am persuaded, unexampled. The quaintness introduced by such a regulation seems of an entirely different colour from the quaintnesses of Shakspeare. He would have written, I have no doubt, "Making the green *sea*, red," if he had not used the word *seas* in the preceding line, which forced him to employ another word here. MALONE.

P. 28, l. 14. 15. *To know my deed, — 'twere best not know myself.*] i. e. While I have *the thoughts* of this deed, it were best not know, or *be lost* to, myself. This is an answer to the lady's reproof:

—— *be not lost*
So poorly in your thoughts. WARBURTON.

P. 28, l. 16. *Wake Duncan with thy knocking!*] Macbeth is addressing the person who knocks at the outward gate. — Sir William D'Avenant, in his alteration of this play, reads — (and intended probably to point) "Wake, Dunkan, with *this* knocking!" conceiving that Macbeth called upon *Duncan* to awake. From the same misapprehension, I once thought his emendation right; but there is certainly no need of change. MALONE.

P. 28, l. 18. Scene III.] Though Shakspeare (see Sir J. Reynolds's excellent note on Act I. sc. vi.) might have designed this scene as another instance of what is called the *repose* in painting, I cannot help regarding it in a different light. A glimpse of comedy was expected by our author's audience in the most serious drama; and where else could the merriment, which he himself was always struggling after, be so happily introduced?

Steevens.

P. 28, l. 23. — *old* — i. e. *frequent, more than enough.* Steevens.

P. 28, l. 27. — *napkins* — i. e. handkerchiefs.

Steevens.

P. 29, l. 1-3. — here's an *equivocator*, that could swear &c. &c.] Meaning a Jesuit: an order so troublesome to the state in Queen Elizabeth and King James the first's time The inventors of the execrable doctrine of *equivocation.*

Warburton.

P. 29, l. 6. 7. — *here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose:*] The archness of the joke consists in this, that a French hose being very short and strait, a tailor must be master of his trade who could steal any thing from thence. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton has said this at random. The *French hose* (according to Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses*) were in the year 1595 much in fashion. — "*The Gallic hosen* are made very large and wide, *reaching down to their knees only, with three or foure gards apeece laid down along either hose.*" Steevens.

When Mr. Steevens censured Dr. Warburton in this place, he forgot the uncertainty of *French*

Fashions. In *The Treasury of ancient and modern Times* 1613, we have an account (from Guyon, I suppose) of the old French dresses: "*Mens hose* answered in length to their short-skirted doublets; being made *close to their limbes*, wherein they had no means for pockets." And *Withers*, in his satyr against vanity, ridicules "the spruze, *diminutive*, neat, *Frenchman's hose.*" FARMER.

From the following passages in *The Scornful Lady*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, which appeared about the year 1613, it may be collected that *large* breeches were then in fashion:

Saville. [an old steward.] "A comelier wear, I wis, than your *dangling slops.*" Afterwards Young Lovcless says to the steward,— "This is as plain as your old *minikin breeches.*"

MALONE.

P. 29, l. 20.— the second *cock*:] Cockcrowing. So, in *King Lear*: "— he begins at curfew, and walks till the first *cock*. STEEVENS.

It appears from a passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, that Shakspeare means, that they were carousing till *three o'clock*:

"—— The *second cock* has crow'd;
"The curfew-bell has toll'd: 'tis *three* o'clock.' MALONE.

P. 29, last l. *I believe, drink gave thee the lie* last night.] It is not very easy to ascertain precisely the time when Duncan is murdered. The conversation that passes between Banquo and Macbeth in the first scene of this act might lead us to suppose that when Banquo retired to rest it was not *much* after twelfe o'clock:

"*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

"*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

"*Ban.* And she goes down at *twelve*,

"*Fle.* I take't 'tis later, Sir."

The King was shen "abed;" and immediately after Banquo retires Lady Macbeth strikes upon the bell, and Macbeth commits the murder. In a few minutes afterwards the knocking at the gate commences, (end of sc. ii.) and no time can be supposed to elapse between the second and the third scene, because the porter gets up in consequence of the knocking: yet here Macduff talks of *last night*, and says that he was commanded to call *timely* on the King, and that he fears he has almost overpass'd the hour; and the porter tells him "we were carousing till *the second cock;*" so that we must suppose it to be now at least six o'clock; for Macduff has already expressed his surprize that the porter should lie *so late*.

From Lady Macbeth's words in the fifth act, — "One, — two — 'tis time to do't," — it *should seem* that the murder was committed at *two* o'clock, and that hour is certainly not inconsistent with the conversation above quoted between Banquo and his son; for we are not told how much later than twelve it was when Banquo retired to rest: but even that hour of *two* will not correspond with what the Porter and Macduff say in the present scene.

I suspect our author (who is seldom very exact in his computation of time) in fact meant that the murder should be supposed to be committed a little before *day-break*, which exactly corresponds with the speech of Macduff now before us, though not so well with the other circumstances already mentioned, or with Lady Macbeth's desiring her

husband to put on his nightgown (that he might have the appearance of one newly roused from bed,) lest occasion should call them, "and show them to be *watchers*;" which may signify persons who sit up *late* at night, but can hardly mean those who do not go to bed till *day-break*.

Shakspeare, I believe, was led to fix the time of Duncan's murder near the break of day by Holinshed's account of the murder of King Duffe, already quoted: — "he was long in his oratorie, and there continued till it was *late in the night*." Donwald's servants "enter the chamber where the King laie, *a little before cocks crow*, where they secretlie cut his throat." Donwald himself sat up with the officers of the guard the whole of the night. MALONE.

P. 30, l. 4. To *cast him up*, to ease my stomach of him. The equivocation is between *cast* or *throw*, as a term of wrestling, and *cast* or *cast* up. JOHNSON.

P. 30, l. 18. The labour we delight in, *physicks pain.*] i. e. affords a cordial to it. STEEVENS.

P. 30, l. 21. *Limited,* for appointed. WARBURTON.

So, in *Timon:*

"In *limited* professions." i. e. professions to which people are regularly and legally appointed. STEEVENS.

P. 30, l. 30 — P. 31, l. 1. 2. And *prophecying*, &c.] These lines, I think, should be rather regulated thus:

—— *prophecying with accents terrible,*
Of dire combustion and confus'd events.
New hatch'd to the woeful time, the obscure bird

Clamour'd the live-long night. Some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

A *prophecy* of an *event new-hatch'd* seems to be *a prophecy* of an *event past*. And *a prophecy new-hatch'd* is a wry expression. The term *new-hatch'd* is properly applicable to a *bird*, and that birds of ill omen should be *new-hatch'd to the woeful time*, that is, should appear in uncommon numbers, is very consistent with the rest of the prodigies here mentioned, and with the universal discorder into which nature is described as thrown by the perpetration of this horrid murder.

JOHNSON.

I think Dr. Johnson's regulation of these lines is improper. *Prophecying* is what is *new-hatch'd*, and in the metaphor holds the place of *the egg*. The *events* are the fruit of such hatching.

STEEVENS.

I think Steevens has justly explained this passage, but should wish to read—*prophecyings* in the plural. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson observes, that "a *prophecy* of an *event new-hatch'd* seems to be a *prophecy of an event past*. And a *prophecy new-hatch'd* is a wry expression." The construction suggested by Mr. Steevens meets with the first objection. Yet the following passage in which the same imagery is found, inclines me to believe that our author meant, that *new-hatch'd* should be referred to *events*, though the events were yet to come. Allowing for his usual inaccuracy with respect to the active and passive participle, the events may be said to be "the *hatch* and brood of time." If the construction that I have suggested be the true one, *hatch'd* must be here used for *hatching*, or

"*in the state of being hatch'd.*" — To the woeful time, means—to *suit* the woeful time.

MALONE.

P. 31, l. 7-9. — — *Tongue, nor heart,*
Cannot conceive, &c.] The use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is very common in our author.

STEEVENS.

P. 32, l. 11. 12. *Lady M.* Woe, alas!
What in our house?] This is very fine. Had she been innocent, nothing but the murder itself, and not any of its aggravating circumstances, would naturally have affected her. As it was, her business was to appear highly disordered at the news. Therefore, like one who has her thoughts about her, she seeks for an aggravating circumstance, that might be supposed most to affect her personally; not considering, that by placing it there, she discovered rather a concern for herself than for the King. On the contrary, her husband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder, in his exclamation, gives all the marks of sorrow for the act itself. WARBURTON.

P. 33, l. 3. — *badg'd* with blood,] I once thought that our author wrote *bath'd:* but *badg'd* is certainly right. MALONE.

P. 33, l. 16. *His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;*] Mr. Pope has endeavoured to improve one of these lines by substituting *goary blood* for *golden blood;* but it may easily be admitted that he, who could on such an occasion talk of *lacing the silver skin,* would *lace it* with *golden blood.* No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot.

It is not improbable, that Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor.

JOHNSON.

To *gild* any thing *with blood* is a very common phrase in the old plays.

The allusion here is to the decoration of the richest habits worn in the age of Shakspeare, when it was usual to *lace* cloth of *silver* with *gold*, and cloth of *gold* with *silver*. The second of these fashions is mentioned in *Much ado abou Nothing*, Act III. sc. iv: "Cloth of *gold*, — *laced* with *silver*." STEEVENS.

The allusion is so ridiculous on such an occasion, that it discovers the declaimer not to be affected in the manner he would represent himself. The whole speech is an unnatural mixture of far-fetch'd and commonplace thoughts, that shows him to be acting a part. WARBURTON.

P. 33, l. 20-21. — — *their daggers*
Unmannerly breech'd with gore:] The expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to their *breeches*, i. e. their *hilts* or *handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it: and it is known that both to *breech* and to *unbreech* a gun are common terms.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton hast justly observed that the word *unmannerly* is here used adverbially. So *friendly* is used for *friendlily* in *K. Henry IV*. P. II. and *faulty* for *faultily* in *As you like it*. MALONE.

Though so much has been written on this passage, the commentators have forgotten to account for the attendants of Duncan being furnished with daggers. The fact is, that in Shakspeare's time a dagger was a common weapon, and was usually carried by servants and others, suspended at their backs. MALONE.

The sense is, in plain language, *Daggers filthily — in a foul manner, — sheath'd with blood. A scabbard* is called a *pilche*, a *leather coat*, in *Romeo*; — but you will ask, whence the allusion to *breeches?* Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have well observed, that this speech of Macbeth is very artfully made up of unnatural thoughts and language: in 1605 (the year in which the play appears to have been written) a book was published by Peter Erondell (with commendatory poems by Daniel, and other wits of the time,) called *The French Garden*, or a *Summer Dayes Labour*, containing, among other matters, some dialogues of a dramatick cast, which, I am persuaded, our author had read in English; and from which he took, as he supposed, for his present purpose, this quaint expression. I will quote *literatim* from the 6th dialogue: "Boy! you do nothing but play tricks there, go fetch your master's silver-hatched daggers, you have not brushed their *breeches*, bring the brushes, and brush them before me."— Shakspeare was deceived by the pointing, and evidently supposes *breeches* to be a new and affected term for *scabbards*. But had he been able to have read the French on the other page, even as a *learner*, he must have been set right at once. "Garçon, vous ne faites que badiner, allez querir les poignards argentez de vos maistres, vous n'avez pas espousseté leur *haut*

-de-chausses,"— their *breeches*, in the common sense of the word: as in the next sentence *bas-de-chausses*, *stockings*, and so on through all the articles of dress. FARMER.

P. 33, last l. but one. *Look to the lady.*] Mr. Wheatley justly observes that "on Lady Macbeth's seeming to faint, — while Banquo and Macduff are solicitous about her, Macbeth, by his unconcern, betrays a consciousness that the fainting is feigned."

I may add, that a bold and hardened villain would from a refined policy have assumed the *appearance* of being alarmed about her, lest this very imputation should arise against him: the irresolute Macbeth is not sufficiently at ease to act such a part. MALONE.

P. 34, l. 1. 2. *And when we have our naked frailties hid,*

That suffer in exposure,] i. e. *when we have clothed our half-drest bodies, which may take cold from being exposed to the air.* It is possible that in such a cloud of words, the meaning might escape the reader. STEEVENS.

The porter in his short speech had observed, that "this place [i. e. the court, in which Banquo and the rest now are,] is too *cold* for hell."

MALONE.

P. 34, l. 6. *Pretence* is intention, design, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakspeare. Banquo's meaning is, — in our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under the direction of God; and relying on his support, I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its *further designs that have not yet come to light.* STEEVENS.

Hand,

Hand, as Mr. Upton has observed, is here used for *power*, or *providence*. So in Psalm xxii: "Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the *power* [Heb. from the *hand*] of the dog." MALONE.

P. 34, l. 20. 21. — — *the near in blood,*
The nearer bloody.] Meaning, that he suspected Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the *nearest in blood* to the two Princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan. STEEVENS.

P. 34, l. 22. 23. *This murderous shaft that's shot,*
Hath not yet lighted; &c.] The design to fix the murder upon some innocent person has not yet taken effect. JOHNSON.

The shaft is not yet lighted, and though it has done mischief in its flight, we have reason to apprehend still more before it has spent its force and falls to the ground. The end for which the murder was committed, is not yet attained. The death of the King only, could neither insure the crown to Macbeth, nor accomplish any other purpose, while his sons were yet living, who had therefore just reason to apprehend they should be removed by the same means. STEEVENS.

P. 35, l. 6—12. After the murder of King Duffe, (says Holinshed) "for the space of six months togither there appeared no sunne by day, nor moone by night, in any part of the realme, but still was the sky covered with continual clouds; and sometimes such outrageous winds arose with lightenings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction." — It is evident that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts. MALONE.

P. 35, l. 15. A faulcon, *tow'ring in her pride of place*,] Finely expressed, for *confidence in its quality*. WARBURTON.

In a place of which she seemed proud; — in an elevated situation. MALONE.

P. 35, l. 16. *Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.*] i. e. by an owl that was hunting for mice, as her proper prey. WHALLEY.

This is also found among the prodigies consequent on King Duffe's murder: "There was a *sparhawk* strangled by an owl." STEEVENS.

P. 35, l. 19. — the *minions of their race*,] Theobald reads:

— *minions of* the *race*,

very probably, and very poetically. JOHNSON.

Most of the prodigies just before mentioned are related by Holinshed, as accompanying King Duffe's death; and it is in particular asserted, *that horses of singular beauty and swiftness did eat their own flesh*. STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 2. To *pretend* is here to *propose to themselves*, to *set before themselves* as a motive of action. JOHNSON.

To *pretend*, in this instance, as in many others, is simply to *intend*, to *design*. STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 10. *The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.*] Macbeth by his birth stood next in the succession to the crown, immediately after the sons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predecessor, had two daughters, the eldest of whom was the mother of Duncan, the youngest, the mother of Macbeth. *Holinshed.* STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 14. *Colm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*;

one of the western isles, which Dr. Johnson visited, and describes in his Tour. Holinshed scarcely mentions the death of any of the ancient Kings of Scotland, without taking notice of their being buried with their predecessors in *Colme-kill.*

STEEVENS.

It is now called *Icolmkill. Kill* in the Earse language signifies a *burying-place.* MALONE.

P. 37, l. 4—6. *Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis,* &c.] Here we have another passage, that might lead us to suppose that the thaneship of Glamis descended to Macbeth subsequent to his meeting the weird sisters, though that event had certainly taken place before. MALONE.

P. 37, l. 11. *Shine,* for prosper. WARBURTON.

Shine, for appear with all the *lustre* of *conspicuous* truth. JOHNSON.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. STEEVENS.

P. 38, l. 6. — *we'll* take *to-morrow.*] Thus the old copy, and, in my opinion, rightly. Mr. Malone would read —

We'll *talk* to-morrow. STEEVENS.

I proposed this emendation some time ago, and having since met with two other passages in which the same mistake has happened, I trust I shall be pardoned for giving it a place in my text. In *King Henry V.* edit. 1623, we find,

"For I can *take,* [talke.] for Pistol's cock is up.

Had Shakspeare written *take,* he would surely have said — "but we'll take'*t* to-morrow." So, in the first scene of the second act Fleance says to his father: "I take'*t*, 'tis later, Sir."

MALONE.

I do not perceive the necessity of change. The poet's meaning could not be misunderstood. His end was answered, if his language was intelligible to his audience. He little supposed a time would arrive, when his words were to abide the strictest scrutiny of verbal criticism. With the ease of conversation, therefore, he copied its incorrectness. To *take*, is to *use*, to *employ*. To *take* time is a common phrase; and where is the impropriety of saying — "we'll *take* to-morrow?" i. e. we will *make use of* to-morrow. Banquo, "without a prompter," must have understood, by this familiar expression, that Macbeth would employ to-morrow, as he wished to have employed to-day.

When Pistol says — "I can *take*"— he means, he can kindle, or lay hold, as fire does on its object.

That the words *talk* and *take* may occasionally have been printed for each other, is a fact which no man conversant with the press will deny; and yet the bare possibility of a similar mistake in the present instance, ought to have little weight in opposition to an old reading sufficiently intelligible.

The word *take* is employed in quite a different sense by Fleance, and means — *to understand in any particular sense or manner*. So Bacon: "I *take it*, that iron brass, called white brass, hath some mixture of tin." STEEVENS.

P. 38, l. 9. — *go not my horse the better*,] i. e. if he does not go well. Shakspeare often uses the *comparative* for the *positive* and *superlative*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I believe, the true one. It is supported by the following passage

in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1603: "—and hee that hit it not full, if he *rid* not *the faster*, had a sound blow in his neck, with a bag full of sand hanged on the other end." MALONE.

P. 38, l. 26. And so I do *commend* you to their backs.] In old language one of the senses of to *commend* was to *commit*, and such is the meaning here. MALONE.

Commend, however, in the present instance, may only be a civil term, signifying—*send*. Thus in *King Henry VIII*: "The King's majesty *commends* his good opinion to you." What Macbeth therefore, after expressing his friendly wish relative to their horses, appears to mean, is—so I *send* (or dismiss) you to mount them. STEEVENS.

P. 39, l. 11. 12. — — — — *as, it is said, Mark Antony's was by Caesar* — —] Though I would not often assume the critick's privilege of being confident where certainty cannot be obtained, nor indulge myself too far in departing from the established reading; yet I cannot but propose the rejection of this passage, which I believe was an insertion of some player, that, having so much learning as to discover to what Shakspeare alluded, was not willing that his audience should be less knowing than himself, and has therefore weakened the author's sense, by the intrusion of a remote and useless image into a speech bursting from a man wholly possess'd with his own present condition, and therefore not a leisure to explain his own allusions to himself. If these words are taken away, by which not only the thought but the numbers are injured, the lines of Shakspeare close together without any traces of a breach.

My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the sisters —

This note was written before I was fully acquainted with Shakspeare's manner, and I do not now think it of much weight: for though the words which I was once willing to eject, seem interpolated, I believe they may still be genuine, and added by the author in his revision. Mr. Heath cannot admit the measure to be faulty. There is only one foot, he says, put for another. This is one of the effects of literature in minds not naturally perspicacious. Every boy or girl finds the metre imperfect, but the pedant comes to its defence with a tribrachys or an anapaest, and sets it right at once by applying to one language the rules of another. If we may be allowed to change feet, like the old comic writers, it will not be easy to write a line not metrical. To hint this once is sufficient. JOHNSON.

P. 39, l. 20. — fil'd my mind;] We should read, — 'filed *my mind*; i. e. defiled.
WARBURTON.

This mark of contraction is not necessary. To *file* is in the Bishops' *Bible*. JOHNSON.

P. 39, l. 24. Given to the common *enemy of man*,] It is always an entertainment to an inquisitive reader, to trace a sentiment to its original source; and therefore, though the term *enemy of man*, applied to the devil, is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleased with being informed, that Shakspeare probably borrowed it from the first lines of *The Destruction of Troy*, a book which he is known to have read. This expression, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *fiend* signifies enemy. JOHNSON.

P. 39, l. 26, 27. *Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,*

And champion me to the utterance!] This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un défi* à l'outrance. A challenge, or a combat *a l'outrance, to extremity*, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum, an intention to destroy each other*, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is: *Let fate, that has fore-doom'd the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.* JOHNSON.

P. 40, l. 18. 19. — *Are you so gospell'd,*
To pray — &c.] Are you of that degree of precise virtute? *Gospeller* was a name of contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precursors of *protestantism.* JOHNSON.

I believe that *gospelled* means no more than kept in obedience to that precept of the gospel, which teaches us "*to pray for those that despightfully use us.*" STEEVENS.

P. 40, l. 22. *We are men,*] That is, we have the same feelings as the rest of mankind, and, *as men*, are not without a *manly resentment* for the wrongs which we have suffered, and which you have now recited.

I should not have thought so plain a passage wanted an explanation, if it had not been mistaken by Dr. Grey, who says, "they don't answer in the name of *Christians*, but as *men*, whose

humanity would hinder them from doing a barbarous act." This false interpretation he has endeavoured to support by the well-known line of Terence:

"Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto,"

That amiable sentiment does not appear very suitable to a cut-throat. — They urge their manhood, in my opinion, in order to show Macbeth their willingness, not their aversion, to execute his orders. MALONE.

P. 40, l. 26. *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks*, demi-wolves, *lyciscae*; dogs bred between wolves and dogs. JOHNSON.

P. 40, l. 27. and fol. — *the valued file* &c. &c.] In this speech the word *file* occurs twice, and seems in both places to have a meaning different from its present use. The expression, *valued file*, evidently means, a list or catalogue of value. A station in the *file*, and not in the worst rank, may mean, a place in the list of manhood, and not in the lowest place. But *file* seems rather to mean, in this place, a post of honour; the first rank, in opposition to the last; a meaning which I have not observed in any other place. JOHNSON.

The valued file is the file or list where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is set down, in contradistinction to what he immediately mentions, *the bill that writes them all alike*. *File*, in the second instance, is used in the same sense as in this, and with a reference to it. — *Now if you belong to any class that deserves a place in the valued* file *of man, and are not of the lowest rank, the common herd of mankind, that are not worth distinguishing from each other.* STEEVENS.

P. 41, l. 10. *So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune.*] We see the speaker means to say, that he is weary with struggling with adverse fortune. But this reading expresses but half the idea; *viz.* of a man tugg'd and haled by fortune without making resistance. To give the compleat thought, we should read:

So weary with disastrous tuggs *with fortune*,

This is well expressed, and gives the reason of his being weary, because fortune always hitherto got the better, And that Shakspeare knew how to express this thought, we have an instance in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Let *myself and fortune*
"*Tug* for the time to come."

Besides, *to be tugg'd with fortune*, is scarce English. WARBURTON.

Tugg'd with fortune may be, *tugg'd* or *worried* by fortune. JOHNSON.

I have left the foregoing note as an evidence of Dr. Warburton's propensity to needless alterations.

Mr. Malone very justly observes that the old reading is confirmed by the following passage in an Epistle to Lord Southampton, by S. Daniel, 1603:

"He who hath never warr'd with misery,
"Nor ever *tugg'd with fortune* and distress."

STEEVENS.

P. 41, l. 17. *Distance*, for enmity.

WARBURTON.

By *bloody distance*, is here meant, such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other, when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute*

of his being is represented as *thrusting at the nearest part where life resides.* STEEVENS.

P. 41, l. 22. *For*, in the present instance, signifies *because of.* STEEVENS.

P. 41, l. 32. — — — *at most*,] These words have no other effect than to spoil the metre, and may therefore be excluded as an evident interpolation. STEEVENS.

P. 41, l. 34. *Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time.*] What is meant by *the spy of the time*, it will be found difficult to explain; and therefore sense will be cheaply gained by a slight alteration. — Macbeth is assuring the assassins that they shall not want directions to find Banquo, and therefore says:

I will —

Acquaint you with a perfect spy *o'the time*,

Accordingly a third murderer joins them afterwards at the place of action.

Perfect is *well instructed*, or *well informed*, as in this play:

"Though in your state of honour I am *perfect.*"

though I am *well acquainted* with your quality and rank. JOHNSON.

P. 41, last l. but one. *The moment on't*;] i. e. the critical juncture. WARBURTON.

How the *critical juncture* is the *spy o'the time*, I know not, but I think my own conjecture right. JOHNSON.

I rather believe we should read thus:

Acquaint you with the perfect spot, the *time*,
The moment on't; — TYRWITT.

I believe that the word *with*, has here the force of *by*; in which sense Shakspeare frequently uses

it; and that the meaning of the passage is thus: "I will let you know by the person best informed, of the exact moment in which the business is to be done." And accordingly we find in the next scene, that these two murderers are joined by a third, as Johnson has observed. — In his letter to his wife, Macbeth says, "I have heard by the *perfectest* report, that they have more than mortal knowledge." And in this very scene, we find the word *with* used to express *by*, where the murderer says he is "tugg'd *with* fortune." M. Mason.

The meaning, I think is, I will acquaint you with the time when you may *look out* for Banquo's coming, with the most *perfect* assurance of not being dissappointed; and not only with the *time* in general most proper for lying in wait for him, but with the very *moment* when you may expect him.

Malone.

I explain the passage thus, and think it needs no reformation, but that of a single point.

— Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.

Here I place a full stop; as no further instructions could be given by Macbeth, the hour of Banquo's return being quite uncertain. Macbeth therefore adds — "Acquaint *you*" &c. i. e. in ancient language, "acquaint *yourselves*" with the exact time most favourable to your purposes; for such a moment must be *spied* out by you, be selected by your own attention and scrupulous observation. — *You* is ungrammatically employed, instead of *yourselves*.

Macbeth, in the intervening time, might have learned from some of Banquo's attendants, which way he had ridden out, and therefore could tell the murderers *where* to plant themselves so as to

cut him off on his return; but who could ascertain the precise hour of his arrival, except the ruffians who watched for that purpose? STEEVENS.

P. 42. first l. *That I require a clearness:*] i. e. you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction I may stand clear of suspicion. So, Holinshed: "—appointing them to meet Banquo and his sonne *without the palace*, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slea them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might *cleare* himself." STEEVENS.

P. 42, l. 22. Surely, the unnecessary words — *Nought's had* — are a tasteless interpolation; for they violate the measure without expansion of the sentiment.

For a few words. Madam, I will. All's spent.

is a complete verse.

There is sufficient reason to suppose the metre of Shakspeare was originally uniform and regular. His frequent exactness in making one speaker complet the verse which another has left imperfect, is too evident to need exemplification. Sir T. Hanmer was aware of this, and occasionally struggled with such metrical difficulties as occurred; though for want of familiarity with ancient language, he often failed in the choice of words to be rejected or supplied. STEEVENS.

P. 42, l. 28. — sorriest — i. e. worthless, ignoble, vile.

Sorry, however, might signify *sorrowful*, *melancholy*, *dismal*.

So, in the play before us (as Mr. M. Mason observes) Macbeth says, — "This is a *sorry* sight." STEEVENS.

P. 43, l. 15. *Ecstacy*, for madness.

WARBURTON.

Ecstacy, in its general sense, signifies any violent emotion of the mind. Here it means the emotions of pain, agony. STEEVENS.

P. 43, l. 25. *Present him eminence*, —] i. e. do him the greatest honours. WARBURTON.

P. 43, l. 26 — 29. *Unsafe the while*, &c.] The sense of this passage (though clouded by metaphor, and perhaps by omission) appears to be as follows: — *It is a sure sign that our royalty is unsafe, when it must descend to flattery, and stoop to dissimulation.* STEEVENS.

P. 43, l. 34. *But in them nature's copy's not eterne.*] The *copy*, the *lease*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited. JOHNSON.

Eterne for *eternal* is often used by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

I once thought that by "Nature's copy" &c. our author meant (to use a Scriptural phrase) man, *as formed after the Deity*, though not, like him, immortal. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"— how shall man,
"*The image of his maker*, hope to thrive
by't?"

but, (as Mr. M. Mason observes,) in support of Dr. Johnson's explanation, we find that Macbeth in his next speech but one, alluding to the intended murder of Banquo and Fleance, says,

Cancel and tear to pieces *that great bond*
That keeps me pale.

Mr. M. Mason, however, adds, that "by nature's copy," Shakspeare might only mean — *the human form divine.* STEEVENS.

The allusion is to an *estate for lives* held by *copy of court-roll.* It is clear, from numberless allusions of the same kind, that Shakspeare had been an attorney's clerk. RITSON.

P. 44, l. 1. 2. — *Ere the bat hath flown*
His cloister'd flight;] The bats wheeling round the dim *cloisters* of Queen's College, Cambridge, have frequently impressed on me the singular propriety of this original epithet.
STEEVENS.

Bats are often seen flying round *cloisters*, in the dusk of the evening, for a considerable length of time. MALONE.

P. 44, l. 4. *The shard-borne beetle,*] i. e. the beetle hatched in clefts of wood. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"They are his *shards*, and he their *beetle.*
WARBURTON.

The *shard-borne* beetle is the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly wings.* From a passage in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, it appears that *shards* signified *scales:* and hence the upper or outward wings of the beetle were called *shards*, they being of a *scaly* substance. To have an outward pair of wings of a *scaly* hardness, serving as integuments to a *filmy* pair beneath them, is the characteristick of the beetle kind.

In *Cymbeline*, Shakspeare applies this epithet again to the beetle:

"— — we find
"The *sharded* beetle in a safer hold
"Than is the full-wing'd eagle."

Here there is a manifest opposition intended between the wings and flight of the *insect* and the *bird.* The *beetle*, whose *sharded wings* can but just *raise him above the ground*, is often in a

state of greater *security* than the *vast-winged eagle* that can soar *to any height*.

As Shakspeare is here describing the *beetle* in the act of flying, (for he never makes his humming noise but when he flies,) it is more natural to suppose the epithet should allude to the peculiarity of his wings, than to the circumstance of his origin, or his place of habitation, both of which are common to him with several other creatures of the insect kind.

The quotation from *Antony and Cleopatra*, seems to make against Dr. Warburton's explanation.

The meaning of Ænobarbus in that passage is evidently as follows: Lepidus, says he, is the *beetle* of the triumvirate, a dull, blind creature, that would but crawl on the earth, if Octavius and Anthony, his more active colleagues in power, did not serve him for *shards* or wings to raise him a little above the ground.

What idea is afforded, if we say that Octavius and Antony are two clefts in the old wood in which Lepidus was hatch'd? STEEVENS.

The *shard-born beetle* is the beetle born in dung. Aristotle and Pliny mention beetles that breed in dung. Poets as well as natural historians have made the same observation.

That *shard* signifies *dung*, is well known in the North of Staffordshire, where *cowshard* is the word generally used for *cowdung*. "Turf and peat, and cow *sheards*, are cheap fuels, and last long."

Sharded beetle in *Cymbeline*, means the *beetle lodged in dung*; and there the humble earthly abode of the beetle is opposed to the lofty eyry of the eagle in "the cedar, whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree," as the poet observes in the third part of *K. Henry VI.* Act V. sc. ii. TOLLET.

The *shard-born* beetle is perhaps the beetle born among shards, i. e. (not cow's dung, for that is only a secondary or metonymical signification of the word, and not even so, generally, but) pieces of broken pots, tiles, and such-like things, which are frequently thrown together in corners as rubbish, and under which these beetles may usually breed, or (what is the same) may have been supposed so to do. Would Mr. Tollet say that *cows dung* was to be thrown into the grave? It is true, however, that *sharded beetle* seems scarcely reconcileable to the above explanation. Mr. Steevens *may* be *right;* but Dr. Warburton and Mr. Tollet are certainly wrong. RITSON.

The shard-born beetle is the cock-chafer. Sir W. Davenant appears not to have understood this epithet, for he has given, instead of it,

— the *sharp-brow'd* beetle.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, the true one in the passage before us. MALONE.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is no doubt the most suitable to the context. The succeeding passage, however, makes in favour of Mr. Tollet's explanation. In a *Briefe Discourse of the Spanish state*, 1590. p. 3. there is "How that nation rising like the *beetle* from the *cowshern* hurtleth against al things."

The Beetle and the Chafer are distinct insects.

HOLT WHITE.

P. 44, l. 10. — — *chuck*,] I meet with this term of endearment (which is probably corrupted from *chick* or *chicken*) in many of our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

P. 44, l. 11. *Seeling*, i. e. blinding. It is a term in falconry. WARBURTON.

P. 44,

P. 44, l. 15. By the expression, *light thickens*, Shakspeare means, *the light grows dull or muddy*.
EDWARDS's MSS.

P. 44, l. 17. *Rooky* may mean *damp*, *misty*, *steaming with exhalation*. It is only a North country variation of dialect from *reeky*.

Rooky wood, indeed, may signify a *rookery*, *the wood that abounds with rooks*; yet, merely to say of the *crow* that he is flying to a wood inhabited by *rooks*, is to add little immediately pertinent to the succeeding observation, viz. that

"—things of day begin to droop and drowze."

I cannot therefore help supposing our author wrote

"—makes wing to *rook i' the* wood."

i. e. to *roost* in it.

Such an unfamiliar verb as *rook*, might (especially in a playhouse copy) become easily corrupted.
STEEVENS.

P. 44, l. 19. *Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.*] This appears to be said with a reference to those daemons who were supposed to remain in their several places of confinement all day, but at the close of it were released; such indeed as are mentioned in *The Tempest*, as rejoicing "To hear the solemn curfew," because it announced the hour of their freedom.

The old copy reads — *prey's*. STEEVENS.

P. 44, l. 27. 1. *Mur.* But who did bid thee yoin with us?] The meaning of the abrupt dialogue is this. The *perfect spy*, mentioned by Macbeth in the foregoing scene, has, before they enter upon the stage, given them the directions which were promised at the time of their agreement; yet one of the murderers suborned, suspects him of intending to betray them; the other

observes, that, by his exact knowledge of *what they were to do*, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not be mistrusted. JOHNSON.

The third assassin seems to have been sent to join the others, from Macbeth's superabundant caution. From the following dialogue it appears that some conversation has passed between them before their present entry on the stage. MALONE.

The third murderer enters only to tell them *where* they should place themselves. STEEVENS.

P. 45; l. 5. — — *lated* —] i. e. belated, benighted. STEEVENS.

P. 45, l. 11. *That are within the note of expectation,*] i. e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper. STEEVENS.

P. 45, l. 10–12. *Then it is he; the rest* &c.] Perhaps this passage, before it fell into the hands of the players, stood thus:

"Then it is he;
"The rest within the note of expectation,
"Are i'the court."

The hasty recurrence of *are* in the last line, and the redundancy of the metre, seem to support my conjecture. Numberless are the instances in which the player editors would not permit the necessary something to be supplied by the reader. They appear to have been utterly unacquainted with an ellipsis. STEEVENS.

P. 45, l. 27. Fleance, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where by the daughter of the Prince of that country he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of *Walter Steward.* From him in a direct line King James I. was descended; in compliment to

whom our author has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime.

MALONE.

P. 45, l. 29. *Was't not the way?*] i. e. the best means we could take to evade discovery.

STEEVENS.

Rather, to effect our purpose. RITSON.

P. 46, l. 5—7. *You know your own degrees, sit down: at first,*
And last, the hearty welcome.] I believe the true reading is:

You know your own degrees, sit down, —
To *first*
And last the hearty welcome.

All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received. JOHNSON.

P. 46, l. 11. *Our hostess keeps her state;*] i. e. continues in her chair of state at the head of the table. This idea might have been borrowed from Holinshed, p. 805: "The King (Henry VIII.) caused the Queene to *keepe the estate*, and then sat the ambassadours and ladies as they were marshalled by the King, who would not sit, but walked from place to place, making cheer," &c.

To *keep state* is a phrase perpetually occurring in our ancient dramas, &c. STEEVENS.

A *state* appears to have been a royal chair with a canopy over it. MALONE.

P. 46, l. 23. *'Tis better thee without, than he within.*] The sense requires that this passage should be read thus:

'Tis better thee without, than him *within.*

That is, *I am better pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face than in his body.*

The author might mean, *It is better that Banquo's blood were on thy face, than* he *in this room.* Expressions thus imperfect are common in his works. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt that this last was the author's meaning. MALONE.

P. 47, l. 8. *Trancher*, to cut Fr. STEEVENS.

P. 47, l. 11. — the *worm*, —] This term in our author's time was applied to all of the serpent kind. MALONE.

P. 47, l. 17. *You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,*] Mr. Pope reads: —— *the feast is* cold, — and not without plausibility. STEEVENS.

The meaning is, — That which is not *given cheerfully*, cannot be called a *gift*, it is something that must be paid for. JOHNSON.

It is still common to say, that we *pay dear* for an entertainment, if the circumstances attending the participation of it prove irksome to us.

HENLEY.

P. 47, l. 27. [*The ghost of* BANQUO *rises*, —] This circumstance of *Banquo's ghost* seems to be alluded to in *The Puritan*, first printed in 1607, and ridiculously ascribed to Shakspeare: "We'll ha' the *ghost* i' th' white sheet sit at *upper end o' th' table.*" FARMER.

P. 47, l. 32. 33. *Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,*
Than pity for mischance!] This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. Macbeth by these words discovers a consciousness of guilt; and this circumstance could not fail to be recollected by a nice observer on the assassination of Banquo being publickly known. Not being yet rendered sufficiently callous by "hard use," Mac-

beth betrays himself (as Mr. Wheatley has observed,) "by an over-acted regard for Banquo, of whose absence from the feast he affects to complain, that he may not be suspected of knowing the cause, though at the same time he very unguardedly drops an allusion to that cause." MALONE.

These words do not seem to convey any consciousness of guilt on the part of Macbeth, or allusion to Banquo's murder, as Mr. Wheatley supposes. Macbeth only means to say — "I have more cause to accuse him of unkindness for his absence, than to pity him for any accident or mischance that may have occasioned it." DOUCE.

P. 48, l. 17. — — *upon a thought*] i. e. as speedily as thought can be exerted. STEEVENS.

P. 48, l. 19. — *extend his passion;*] Prolong his suffering; make his fit longer. JOHNSON.

P. 48, l. 24. and fol. — — *O proper stuff!* &c. &c.] This speech is rather too long for the circumstances in which it is spoken. It had begun better at, *Shame itself!* JOHNSON.

Surely it required more than a few words, to argue Macbeth out of the horror that possessed him. M. MASON.

P. 48, l. 27, 28. — *O, these flaws, and starts, (Impostors to true fear,) would* &c.] i. e. these flaws and starts, as they are indications of your needless fears, are the imitators or impostors only of those which arise from a fear well grounded. WARBURTON.

Flaws are sudden gusts. JOHNSON.

Impostors *to* true fear, mean impostors when *compared with* true fear. Such is the force of the preposition *to* in this place. M. MASON.

P. 49, l. 3. *What! quite unmann'd in folly?*] Would not this question be forcible enough with-

out the two last words, which overflow the metre, and consequently may be suspected as interpolations? STEEVENS.

P. 49, l. 7. — *the olden time*,] Mr. M. Mason proposes to read — "the *golden* time," meaning the *Golden age:* but the ancient reading may be justified by Holinshed, who, speaking of the witches, says, they "resembled creatures of the *elder world.*" STEEVENS.

P. 49, l. 8. The *gentle weal*, is, the *peaceable community*, the state made quiet and safe by *human statutes.*

"*Mollia securae peragebant otia gentes.*"
JOHNSON.

In my opinion it means "that state of innocence which did not require the aid of human laws to render it quiet and secure." M. MASON.

P. 49, l. 20. To *muse* anciently signified to *wonder*, to be in *amaze.* STEEVENS.

P. 49, l. 29. We *thirst*, I suppose, means we desire to drink. M. MASON.

P. 49, l. 30. *And all to all.*] i. e. all good wishes to all: such as he had named above, *love, health, and joy.* WARBURTON.

I once thought it should be *hail* to all, but I now think that the present reading is right. JOHNSON.

Timon uses nearly the same expression to his guests, Act I. "*All to you.*" STEEVENS.

P. 50, first l. *Thou hast no speculation in those eyes*] So, in the 115th Psalm: "—— eyes have they, but see not." STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 8. — *the Hyrcan tiger*,] Theobald chooses to read, in opposition to the old copy — *Hyrcanian* tyger; but the alteration was unneces-

sary, as Dr. Philemon Holland, in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* p. 122, mentions the *Hyrcane* sea. TOLLET.

Alteration certainly might be spared: in *Riche's second part of Simonides* 4to. 1584, sign. c. 1. we have "Contrariewise these souldiers, like to *Hircan tygers*, revenge themselves on their own bowelles; some parricides, some fratricides, all homicides." REED.

Sir William D'Avenant unnecessarily altered this to *Hircanian* tyger, which was followed by Theobald and others. MALONE.

P. 50, l. 12. If trembling *I inhibit* thee, —] *Inhabit* is the original reading, which Mr. Pope changed to *inhibit*, which *inhibit* Dr. Warburton interprets *refuse*. The old reading may stand, at least as well as the emendation. JOHNSON.

Inhibit seems more likely to have been the poet's own word, as he uses it frequently in the sense required in this passage. To *inhibit* is to *forbid*. STEEVENS.

I have not the least doubt that "*inhibit thee*," — is the true reading. In *All's Well that End's Well*, we find in the second and all subsequent folios —— "which is the most *inhabited* sin of the canon." -- instead of *inhibited*.

By the other slight but happy emendation, the reading *thee* instead of *then*, which was proposed by Mr. Steevens, and to which I have paid the respect that it deserved by giving it a place in my text, this passage is rendered clear and easy.

Mr. Steevens's correction is strongly supported by the punctuation of the old copy, where the line stands — If trembling I inhabit then, protest &c. and not — If trembling I inhabit, then protest &c. MALONE.

Inhabit is the original reading; and it needs no alteration. The obvious meaning is — — Should you challenge me to encounter you in the desert, and I through fear remain trembling in my castle, then protest me, &c. Shakspeare here uses the verb *inhabit* in a neutral sense, to express *continuance in a given situation;* and Milton has employed it in a similar manner:

Meanwhile *inhabit* lax, ye powers of heaven!

HENLEY.

To *inhabit*, a verb neuter, may undonbtedly have a meaning like that suggested by Mr. Henley. Thus, in *As you like it*,— "O knowledge ill-*inhabited!* worse than Jove in a thatched house!" *Inhabited*, in this instance, can have no other meaning than *lodged*.

It is not, therefore, impossible, that by *inhabit*, our author capriciously meant — *stay within doors*. — If, when you have challenged me to the desert, I sculk in my house, do not hesitate to protest my cowardice. STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 15. *Unreal mockery*, —] i. e. *unsubstantial pageant*, as our author calls the vision in *The Tempest:* or the picture in *Timon of Athens*, "— a *mocking* of the life." STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 21–23. *Can such things be,*
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?] The meaning is, can such wonders as these *pass over* us without wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes over us.

JOHNSON.

No instance is given of this sense of the word *overcome*, which has caused all the difficulty; it is however to be found in Spenser, *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. vii. st. 4:

"— — A little valley — —

"All covered with thick woods, that quite it *overcame*. FARMER.

P. 50, l. 23. 24. — — *You make me strange Even to the disposition that I owe,*] Which in plain English is only: *You make me just mad*. WARBURTON.

You produce in me an *alienation of mind*; which is probably the expression which our author intended to paraphrase. JOHNSON.

I do not think that either of the editors has very successfully explained this passage, which seems to mean,— *You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours.* In other words, — *You prove to me how false an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours on the trial is found to exceed it.* STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, *You render me a stranger to*, or forgetful of, *that* brave *disposition which* I know *I possess* and make me fancy myself a coward, when I perceive that I am terrified by a sight which has not in the least alarmed you. A passage in *As you like it* may prove the best comment on that before us:

"If with myself I hold intelligence,
"Or have acquaintance with my own desires—."

So Macbeth says, he has no longer *acquaintance* with his own *brave* disposition of mind: His wife's *superior* fortitude makes him as ignorant of his own courage as a *stranger* might be supposed to be. MALONE.

I believe it only means *you make me amazed*. The word *strange* whas then used in that sense. So, in *The History of Jack of Newberry* — "I

jest not, said she; for I mean it shall be; and stand not *strangely*, but remember that you promised me," &c. REED.

P. 50, l. 27. — *blanch'd with fear.*] i. e. turn'd pale. STEEVENS.

P. 51, first l. *A kind* good night to all!] I take it for granted, that the redundant and valueless syllables — *a kind*, are a playhouse interpolation. STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 3. — *blood will have blood*:] So, in *The Mirror of Magistrates*, p. 118:

"Take heede, ye princes, by examples past,
"*Bloud will have bloud*, eyther at first or last." HENDERSON.

I would thus point the passage,

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood." WHALLEY.

P. 51, l. 5. Stones have been known to move, and *trees* to speak;] Alluding perhaps to the vocal tree which (see the third book of the Aeneid) revealed the murder of Polydorus. STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 7-9. *Augurs, and understood relations*, &c.] By the word *relation* is understood the *connection* of effects with causes; to *understand relations* as *an augur*, is to know how those things *relate* to each other, which have no visible combination or dependence. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare, in his licentious way, by *relations*, might only mean *languages*, i. e. the language of birds. WARBURTON.

Perhaps we should read, *auguries*, i. e. prognostications by means of omens and prodigies. These, together with the connection of effects with causes, being understood, (says he) have been in-

strumental in divulging the most secret murders.

In Cotgrave's Dictionary, a *magpie* is called *magatapie*. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the bird; *Magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, as we say *Robin* to a redbreast, *Tom* to a titmouse, *Philip* to a sparrow, &c. The modern *mag* is the abbreviation of the ancient *Magot*, a word which we had from the French. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens rightly restores *Magot pies*. In Minshew's *Guide to the Tongues*, 1617, we meet with a *maggatapie*: and Middleton in his *More Dissemblers beside Women*, says; "He calls her *magot o' pie*." FARMER.

P. 51, l. 9. *The secret'st man of blood.*] The inquisitive reader will find such a story in Thomas Lupton's *Thousand notable things*, &c. 4to. bl. l. no date, p. 100. STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 12–14. *Macb.* How say'st thou, &c.] Macbeth here asks a question, which the recollection of a moment enables him to answer. Of this forgetfulness, natural to a mind oppress'd. there is a beautiful instance in the sacred song of Deborah and Barak: "*She asked her wise women counsel; yea, she returned answer to herself.*"

Mr. M. Mason's interpretation of this passage has, however, taught me diffidence of my own. He supposes, and not without sufficient reason, that "what Macbeth means to say, is this: *What do you think of this circumstance, that Macduff denies to come at our great bidding?—What do you infer from thence?— What is your opinion of the matter?*"

The circumstance, however, on which this question is founded, took its rise from the old history. Macbeth sent to Macduff to assist in building the

castle of Dunsinane. Macduff sent workmen, &c. but did not choose to trust his person in the tyrant's power. From that time he resolved on his death. STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 17. *A one* of them, however uncouth the phrase, signifies an individual. STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 28. To *scan* is to examine nicely. STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 29. *You lack the season of all natures, sleep.*] I take the meaning to be, *you want sleep*, which *seasons*, or gives the relish to, *all nature*. "*Indiget somni vitae condimenti.*" JOHNSON.

An anonymous correspondent thinks the meaning is, "You stand in need of the time or season of sleep, which all natures require."

MALONE.

P. 51, last l. We are yet but young *in deed.*] The editions before Theobald read:

We're but young indeed. JOHNSON.

The meaning is not ill explained by a line in *King Henry VI.* P. III: We are not, Macbeth would say,

"Made *impudent* with use of *evil deeds.*"

or, we are not yet (as Romeo expresses it) "*old* murderers."

The initiate fear, is the fear that always attends the first initiation into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and insensible by frequent repetition of it, or (as the poet says) by *hard use*.

STEEVENS.

P. 52, l. 3. — *Enter* HECATE,] Shakspeare has been censured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and, consequently, for confounding ancient with modern superstitions. — He has, however, authority for giving a mistress to the

witches, *Delrio Disquis. Mag.* lib. ii. quaest. 9. quotes a passage of *Apuleius, Lib. de Asino aureo:* "de quadam Caupona, *regina* Sagarum." In consequence of this information, Ben Jonson, in his *Masque of Queens*, has introduced a character which he calls a *Dame,* who presides at the meeting of the Witches:

"Sisters, stay; we want our *dame.*"

The *dame* accordingly enters, invested with marks of superiority, and the rest pay an implicit obedience to her commands.

Shakspeare is therefore blameable only for calling his presiding character Hecate, as it might have been brought on with propriety under any other title whatever. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare seems to have been unjustly censured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches. Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, B. III. c. ii. and c. xvi. and B. XII. c. iii. mentions it as the common opinion of all writers, that witches were supposed to have nightly "meetings with Herodias, and the Pagan gods," and "that in the night-times they ride abroad with *Diana*, the goddess of the Pagans," &c. — Their dame or chief leader seems always to have been an old Pagan, as "the ladie Sibylla, Minerva, or *Diana.*"

TOLLET.

P. 52, l. 20. — at the pit of *Acheron.*] Shakspeare seems to have thought it allowable to bestow the name of *Acheron* on any fountain, lake, or pit, through which there was vulgarly supposed to be a communication between this and the infernal world. The true original *Acheron* was a river in Greece; and yet Virgil gives the name to his lake in the valley of *Amsanctus* in Italy.

STEEVENS.

P. 52, l. 26. *Unto a dismal-fatal end.*] The old copy violates the metre by needless addition:

Unto a dismal *and a* fatal end.

I read — *dismal-fatal* Shakspeare, as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes in a note on *King Richard III.* is fond of these compound epithets, in which the first adjective is to be considered as an adverb. So, in that play we meet with *childish-foolish, senseless-obstinate*, and *mortal-staring*. STEEVENS.

P. 52, l. 29. — *a vaporous drop profound;*] That is, a drop that has *profound, deep*, or *hidden* qualities. JOHNSON.

This vaporous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment. STEEVENS.

P. 52, last. l. but one. — by *magick slights*,] Arts; subtle practices. JOHNSON.

P. 53, l. 7. Song. *Come away, come away*, &c.] This entire song I found in a MS. dramatic piece, entitled, "A Tragi-Coomodie called THE WITCH; *long since* acted, &c. written by *Thomas Middleton.*"

The Hecate of *Shakspeare* has said.—

"I am for the air," &c.

The Hecate of *Middleton* (who, like the former, is summoned away by aerial spirits) has the same declaration in almost the same words—

"I am for aloft" &c.

Song.] "Come away, come away: } *in the aire.*
"*Heccat, Heccat*, come away, &c. }

STEEVENS.

P. 53, l. 14. — *and another* Lord.] As this tragedy, like the rest of Shakspeare's, is perhaps overstocked with personages, it is not easy to as

sign a reason why a nameless character should be introduced here, since nothing is said that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other disaffected man. I believe therefore that in the original copy it was written with a very common form of contraction Lenox and An. for which the transcriber, instead of Lenox and Angus, set down Lenox and *another Lord.* The author had indeed been more indebted to the transcriber's fidelity and diligence, had he committed no errors of greater importance. JOHNSON.

P. 54, l. 24. *Free from our feast and banquets bloody knives;*] The construction is — Free our feast and banquets from bloody knives. Perhaps the words are transposed, and the line originally stood:

Our feasts and banquets free from bloody knives. MALONE.

Aukward transpositions in ancient language are so frequent, that the passage before us might have passed unsuspected, had there not been a possibility that the compositor's eye caught the word *free* from the line immediately following. We might read, *fright*, or *fray* (a verb commonly used by old writers) but any change perhaps is needless. STEEVENS.

P. 54, l. 25. — and receive *free* honours,] *Free* may be either honours *freely bestowed*, not purchased by crimes; or honours *without slavery*, without dread of a tyrant. JOHNSON.

P. 54, l. 27. Hath so *exasperate* —] i. e. exasperat*ed*. So *contaminate* is used for contaminat*ed* in *K. Henry V*. STEEVENS.

P. 54, l. 27 — the *King*,] i. e. Macbeth. The old copy has, less intelligibly, *their*. STEEVENS.

Their refers to the son of Duncan, and Macduff. Sir T. Hanmer reads unnecessarily, I think, *the* King. MALONE.

P. 54, l. 28. Prepares *for some attempt of war.*] The singularity of this expression, with the apparent redundancy of the metre, almost persuade me to follow Sir T. Hanmer, by the omission of the two last words. STEEVENS.

P. 55, l. 4. 5. — *to this our suffering country*
Under a hand accurs'd!] The construction is, — to our country suffering under a hand accursed. MALONE.

P. 55, l. 6. *My prayers with him!*] The old copy, frigidly, and in defiance of measure, reads
I'll send my prayers with him.

I am aware, that for this, and similar rejections, I shall be censured by those who are disinclined to venture out of the track of the old stage-waggon, though it may occasionally conduct them into a slough. It may soon, therefore, be discovered, that numerous beauties are resident in the discarded words — *I send;* and that as frequently as the vulgarism—*on*, has been displaced to make room for—*of*, a diamond has been exchanged for a pebble. — For my own sake, however, let me add, that troughout the present tragedy no such liberties have been exercised, without the previous approbation of Dr. Farmer, who fully concurs with me in supposing the irregularities of Shakspeare's text to be oftener occasioned by interpolations, than by omissions.

STEEVENS.

P. 55, l. 8. SCENE I.] As this is the chief scene of entchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to observe, with how much judgment Shakspeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal

fernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakspeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the spirit of one of those witches was Grimalkin; and when any mischief was to be done, she used to bid Rutterkin *go and fly*. But once when she would have sent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the countess of Rutland, instead of *going* or *flying*, he only cried *mew*, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as Shakspeare has taken care to inculcate:

"Though his bark cannot be lost,
"Yet it shall be tempest-tost."

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of Shakspeare's witches:

"Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,
"Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine."

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of the neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. Shakspeare has accordingly made one of his whitches declare that she has been *killing swine;* and Dr. Harsnet observes, that about that time, "*a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft.*"

"Toad, that under coldest stone,
"Days and nights hast thirty-one,
"Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
"Boil thou first i'the charmed pot."

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means accessary to witchcraft, for which reason Shakspeare, in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits Paddok or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad first into the pot. When Vaninus was seized at Tholouse, there was found at his lodgings *ingens bufo vitro inclusus, a great toad shut in a vial*, upon which those that prosecuted him *Veneficium exprobrabant, charged him*, I suppose, *with witchcraft*.

"Fillet of a fenny snake,
"In the cauldron boil and bake:
"Eye of newt, and toe of frog;
"For a charm," &c.

The propriety of these ingredients may be known by consulting the books *de Viribus Animalium* and *de Mirabilibus Mundi*, ascribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets.

"Finger of birth-strangled babe,
"Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;"—

It has been already mentioned in the law against witches, that they are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom King James examined, and who had of a dead body, that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable, that Shakspeare, on this great occasion which involves the fate of a King, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth; the grease must not only be human, but

must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgement and genius.

"And now about the cauldron sing,—
"Black spirits and white,
"Red spirits and grey,
"Mingle, mingle, mingle,
"You that mingle may."

And in a former part:

"—weird sisters, hand in hand,—
"Thus do go about, about;
"Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
"And thrice again, to make up nine!"

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shown, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilised natives of that country: "When any one gets a fall, *says the informer of Camden*, he starts up, and *turning three times to the right*, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground, and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their women that is skilled in that way to the place, where she says, I call thee from the east, west, north and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the *fairies*, *red*, *black*, *and white*." There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakspeare, describing, amongst other properties, the *colours* of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particulari-

sed, in which Shakspeare has shown his judgement and his knowledge. JOHNSON.

P. 55, l. 12. A *cat*, from time immemorial, has been the agent and favourite of witches. This superstitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient; and the original, perhaps, this: *When Galinthia was changed into a* cat *by the Fates* (*says Antonius Liberalis*, Metam. cap. 29.), *by witches*, (*says Pausanias in his* Boeotics,) Hecate *took pity of her, and made her her priestess; in which office she continues to this day.* Hecate *herself too, when Typhon forced all the gods and godesses to hide themselves in animals, assumed the shape of a* cat. So, *Ovid:*

"Fele *soror Phoebi latuit.*" WARBURTON.

P. 55, l. 13. *Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.*] Mr. Theobald reads, *twice* and once, &c. and observes that odd numbers are used in all enchantments and magical operations. The remark is just, but the passage was misunderstood. The second Witch only repeats the number which the first had mentioned, in order to confirm what she had said; and then adds, that the *hedge-pig* had likewise cried, though but once. Or what seems more easy, the hedge-pig had whined *thrice*, and after interval had whined once again.

Even numbers, however, were always reckoned inauspicious. So, in *The Honest Lawyer*, by S S. 1616: "Sure 'tis not a lucky time; the first crow I heard this morning, cried *twice*. This *even*, Sir, is no good number." *Twice and once*, however, might be a cant expression. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Silence says, "I have been merry *twice and once*, ere now." STEEVENS.

The urchin, or hedgehog, from its solitariness,

the ugliness of its appearance, and from a popular opinion that it sucked or poisoned the udders of cows, was adopted into the demonologic system, and its shape was sometimes supposed to be assumed by mischievous elves. Hence it was one of the plagues of Caliban in *The Tempest*.

T. WARTON.

P. 55, l. 14. *Harper* cries: —] This is some imp, or familiar spirit, concerning whose etymology and office, the reader may be wiser than the editor. Those who are acquainted with Dr. Farmer's pamphlet, will be unwilling to derive the name of *Harper* from Ovid's *Harpalos*, ab ἁρπάζω rapio. *Harper*, however, may be only a mispelling, or misprint, for *harpy*.

The word *cries* likewise seems to countenance this supposition. *Crying* is one of the technical terms appropriated to the noise made by birds of prey, especially when they are hungry.

STEEVENS.

P. 55, l. 14. — *'Tis time, 'tis time.*] This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments; but *cries*, i. e. gives them the signal, upon which the third Witch communicates the notice to our sisters:

Harper cries: — 'Tis time, 'tis time.

STEEVENS.

P. 55, l. 19. *Swelter'd* venom —] This word seems to be employed by Shakspeare, to signify that the animal was moistened with its own cold exsudations. STEEVENS.

P. 55, l. 21. *Double, double toil and trouble;*] As this was a very extraordinary incantation, they were to double their pains about it. I think, therefore, it should be pointed as I have pointed it:

Double, double toil and trouble; otherwise the solemnity is abated by the immediate recurrence of the rhyme. STEEVENS.

P. 55, last. l. but one. The *blind-worm* is the *slow-worm*. STEEVENS.

P. 56, l. 6. The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat*. STEEVENS.

P. 56, l. 7. Of the *ravin'd* salt-sea shark;] Mr. M. Mason observes that we should read *ravin* instead of *ravin'd*. *Ravin'd* is glutted with prey. *Ravin* is the ancient word for *prey obtained by violence*. STEEVENS.

To *ravin*, according to Minsheu, is to *devour*, or *eat greedily*. See his DICT. 1617, in v. *To devour*. I believe, our author, with his usual licence, used *ravin'd* for *ravenous*, the passive participle for the adjective. MALONE.

P. 56, l. 11. *Sliver* is a common word in the North, where it means *to cut a piece* or *a slice*. STEEVENS.

P. 56, l. 12. *Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;*] These ingredients in all probability owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Turks were held, on account of the *holy wars*.

So solicitous indeed were our neighbours the French (from whom most of our prejudices as well as customs are derived) to keep this idea awake, that even in their military sport of the quintain, their soldiers were accustomed to point their lances at the figure of a Saracen. STEEVENS.

P. 56, l. 16. *Chaudron*, i. e. *entrails*; a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, I meet with a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chauldron*.

See also Pegge's *Forme of Cury, a roll of ancient English Cookery*, &c. 8vo. 1780, p. 66.

STEEVENS.

P. 56, l. 22. The insertion of these words (*and the other three Witches*) in the original copy, must be owing to a mistake. There is no reason to suppose that Shakspeare meant to introduce more than *three* witches upon the scene. RITSON.

P. 56, l. 23. *O, well done:*] Ben Jonson's *Dame*, in his *Masque of Queens*, 1609, addresses her associates in the same manner:

"*Well done, my hags.*"

The attentive reader will observe, that in this piece, old Ben has exerted his strongest efforts to rival the incantation of Skakspeare's Witches, and the final address of Prospero to the aerial spirits under his command.

It may be remarked also, that Shakspeare's Hecate, after delivering a speech of five lines, interferes no futher in the business of the scene, but is lost in the crowd of subordinate witches. Nothing, in short, is effected by her assistance, but what might have been done without it.

STEEVENS.

P. 56, l. 28. and fol. *Black spirits and white*, &c.] In a former note on this tragedy, I had observed, that the original edition contains only the two first words of the song before us; but have since discovered the *Witch*, a dramatic piece by Middleton, already quoted. The song is there called — "a Charme-song, about a vessel." — I may add, that this invocation, as it *first* occurs in the *Witch*, is — "White spirits, black spirits, gray spirits, red spirits." —— Afterwards, we find it in its present metrical shape.

The song was in all probability a traditional one. The colours of spirits are often mentioned. So, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

"Be thou *black*, or *white*, or *green*,
"Be thou heard, or to be seen."

Perhaps, indeed, this musical scrap (which does not well accord with the serious business of the scene) was introduced by the players, without the suggestion of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

P. 57, first l. *By the pricking of my thumbs*,]

It is a very ancient superstition, that all sudden pains of the body, and other sensations which could not naturally be accounted for, were presages of somewhat that was shortly to happen.

STEEVENS.

P. 57, l. 13. — the *yesty* waves —] That is *foaming* or *frothy waves*. JOHNSON.

P. 57, l. 15. Though *bladed corn be lodg'd*,] Corn, prostrated by the wind, in modern language, is said to be *lay'd*; but *lodg'd* had anciently, the same meaning. RITSON.

P. 57, l. 17. *Topple*, is used for *tumble*.

STEEVENS.

P. 57, l. 21. *Of nature's germins* —] This was substituted by Theobald for *Natures* germaine.

JOHNSON.

Germins are seeds which have begun to *germinate* or sprout. *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr. *Germe* is a word used by Brown in his *Vulgar Errors*: "Whether it be not made out of the *germe* or treadle of the egg," &c.

STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 2. — *deftly* — i. e. with adroitness, dexterously.

Deft is a North-Country word. So, in Richard Broome's *Northern Lass*, 1633:

"—He said I were a *deft* lass."

STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 3. The *armed head* represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripp'd from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane. This observation I have adopted from Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

Lord Howard, in his *Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies*, mentions "a notable example of a conjurer, who represented (as it were in dumb show) all the persons who should possess the crown of France; and caused the King of Navarre, or rather a wicked spirit in his stead, to appear in the fifth place," &c. FARMER.

P. 58, l. 10. *Beware the Thane of Fife.*—] "——He had learned of certain wizzards, in whose words he put great confidence, how that he ought to take heede of *Macduff*," &c. Holinshed.

STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 14. To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string. STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 24. 25.——*for none of woman born Shall harm Macbeth.*] So, Holinshed:—"And surely hereupon he had put Macduff to death; but that a certaine witch, whom he had in great trust, had told him; that he should never be slaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunsinane. This prophecie put all feare out of his heart." STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 29. *And take a bond of fate:*] In this scene the attorney has more than once de-

graded the poet; for presently we have — "*the lease* of nature." STEEVENS.

P. 59, l. 4. The *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that rises above it. JOHNSON.

P. 59, l. 9-11. — — — until

Great Birnam wood to high *Dunsinane* hill &c.] The present quantity of *Dunsinane* is right. In every subsequent instance the accent is misplaced. RITSON.

Prophesies of apparent impossibilities were common in Scotland; such as the removal of one place to another. Under this popular prophetick formulary the present prediction may be ranked. T. WARTON.

P. 59, l. 13. *Who can impress the forest;* —] i. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impress'd. JOHNSON.

P. 59, l. 16. *Rebellious head.* —] The old copy has — *rebellious* dead. MALONE.

We should read — *Rebellious* head, — i. e. let rebellion never make head against me till a forest move, and I shall reign in safety. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald rightly observes, that *head* means *host*, or power:

"That Douglas and the English rebels met;—
"A mighty and a fearful *head* they are."
K. Henry IV. P. I. JOHNSON.

This phrase is not peculiar to Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

P. 59, l. 26. *Noise*, in our ancient poets, is often literally synonymous for *music*. Thus Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. xii. 39:

"During which time there was a heavenly *noise*."

See likewise the 47th Psalm: "God is gone up

with a merry *noise*, and the Lord with the sound of the trump." STEEVENS.

P. 60, first l. *Eight Kings appear*, &c.] It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, for having a legion of ghosts in it. One should imagine he either had not learned English, or had forgot his Latin; for the spirits of Banquo's line are no more ghosts, than the representation of the Julian race in the Æneid; and there is no ghost but Banquo's throughout the play." *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montague. STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 6. The expression of Macbeth, that the *crown* sears *his* eye-balls, is taken from the method formerly practised of destroying the sight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning bason before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian, *abacinare* to *blind*.

JOHNSON.

P. 60, l. 7—9. *And thy hair* &c.] As Macbeth expected to see a train of Kings, and was only enquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be surprised that the *hair* of the second was *bound of gold* like that of the first: he was offended only that the second resembled the first, as the first resembled Banquo, and therefore said:

—— *and thy* air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

This Dr. Warburton has followed. JOHNSON.

I do not at present recollect that the term — *air*, signifying the *manner of a person*, is any where employed by Shakspeare. Perhaps, indeed, this adoption from the French language is not as ancient as his time; for the word then used to express peculiarity of countenance or gesture, was —

trick. So, in *King John*: "——a *trick* of Coeur-de-lion's face;"

The old reading, therefore, as Mr. M. Mason observes, may be the true one. "It implies that their hair was of the same colour, which is more likely to mark a family likeness, than the *air*, which depends on habit," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 12. — *the crack of doom?*] i. e. the dissolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean signification. It was anciently employed in a more exalted sense. STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 15. 16. — the eighth appears, *who bears a glass*,

Which shows me many more; This method of juggling prophecy is again referred to in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. vii:

"——and like a prophet,
"Looks in a *glass*, and shows me *future evils*." STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 17. *That twofold balls and treble scepters carry:*] This was intended as a compliment to King James the first who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo. WARBURTON.

Of this last particular, our poet seems to have been thoroughly aware, having represented Banquo not only as an innocent, but as a noble character: whereas, according to history, he was confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan. The flattery of Shakspeare, however, is not more gross than that of Ben Jonson, who has condescended to quote his majesty's ridiculous book on *Daemonology*, in the notes to *The Masque of Queens* 1609. STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 19. To *bolter*, in Warwickshire, sig

nifies to *daub*, *dirty*, or *begrime*. "I ordered (says my informant) a harness-collar to be made with a linen lining, but blacked, to give the appearance of leather. The sadler made the lining as he was directed, but did not black it, saying, it would *bolter* the horse. Being asked what he meant by *bolter*, he replied *dirty*, *besmear*; and that it was a common word in his country. This conversation passed within eight miles of Stratford on Avon."

In the same neighbourhood, when a boy has a broken head, so that his hair is matted together with blood, his head is said to be *boltered* (pronounced baltered). Such a term is therefore strictly applicable to Banquo, who had *twenty trenched gashes on his head.*

The propriety of the foregoing note has been abundantly confirmed by Mr. Homer, a truly respectable clergyman of Warwickshire. I seize this opportunity to offer my best acknowledgement for his remarks, which were obligingly conveyed to me by his son, the late Reverend and amiable Henry Homer, who favoured the world with editions of Sallust and Tacitus, the elegance of which can only be exceeded by their accuracy. STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 23. — cheer we up his *sprights*, i. e. spirits. STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 30--32. — — *Let this pernicious hour*
Stand aye accursed in the calendar! —] In the ancient almanacks the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation. STEEVENS.

P. 61, l. 15. To *anticipate* is here to *prevent*, by taking away the opportunity. JOHNSON.

P. 61, l. 18. *Firstlings* in its primitive sense is the first produce or offspring. Here it means the thing first thought or done. STEEVENS.

P. 61, l. 24. That *trace* his line.] i. e. follow, succeed in it. STEEVENS.

P. 61, last l. but one. *But no more sights!*] This hasty reflection is to be considered as a moral to the foregoing scene. STEEVENS.

P. 62, l. 9. *Our fears do make us traitors.*] i. e. our flight is considered as an evidence of our guilt. STEEVENS.

P. 62, l. 16. He wants the *natural touch:*] Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

P. 62, l. 26. The *fits of the season* should appear to be, from the following passage in *Coriolanus*, the *violent disorders* of the season, its *convulsions*. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is, -- what is most *fitting* to be done in every conjuncture. ANONYMOUS.

P. 62, l. 28. 29. But cruel are the times, when
we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves;] i. e. we think ourselves innocent, the government thinks us traitors; therefore we are ignorant of ourselves. This is the ironical argument. The Oxford editor alters it to,

And do not know't *ourselves:* ——

But sure they did know what they said, that the state esteemed them traitors. WARBURTON.

Rather, when we are considered by the state as traitors, while at the same time we are *unconscious* of guilt: when we appear to others so different from what we really are, that we seem not to *know ourselves*. MALONE.

P. 62, l. 29. *To hold rumour* signifies to be governed by the authority of rumour. WARBURTON.

I rather think to *hold* means, in this place, to

believe; as we say, *I* hold *such a thing to be true*, i. e. *I take it, I believe it to be so.*

The sense of the whole passage will then be: *The times are cruel when our fears induce us to believe, or take for granted, what we hear rumoured or reported abroad; and yet at the same time, as we live under a tyrannical government where* will *is substituted for* law, *we know not what we have to fear, because we know not when we offend.* Or: *When we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we hear, yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime for which we should be disturbed with those fears.*

This is the best I can make of the passage.

STEEVENS.

P. 63, first line. *Each way, and move.* —] Perhaps the poet wrote — *And each way move.* If they *floated each way*, it was needless to inform us that they *moved.* The words may have been casually transposed, and erroneously pointed.

STEEVENS.

P. 63, l. 13. *Sirrah* in our author's time was not a term of reproach, but generally used by masters to servants, parents to children, &c. So before, in this play, Macbeth says to his servant. "*Sirrah*, a word with you: attend those men our pleasure?" MALONE.

P. 64, l. 21. *Though in your state of honour I am perfect.*] i. e. I am *perfectly acquainted* with your rank of honour.

STEEVENS.

P. 64, l. 26. To do *worse* is to let her and her children be destroyed without warning. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards explains these words differently. "*To do worse to you* (says he) signifies, — to fright you more, by relating all the circumstances

of your danger; which would detain you so long that you could not avoid it." The meaning, however, may be, *To do worse to you*, not to disclose to you the perilous situation you are in, from a foolish apprehension of alarming you, would be fell cruelty. Or the messenger may only mean, to do more than *alarm* you by this disagreeable intelligence, — to do you any actual and bodily harm, were fell cruelty. MALONE.

P. 65, l. 9. — Thou *shag-ear'd* villain.] Perhaps we should read *shag-hair'd*, for it is an abusive epithet very often used in our ancient plays, &c. STEEVENS.

This emendation appears to me extremely probable. In *King John*, Act V. we find "un*hear'd* sauciness for un*hair'd* sauciness:" and we have had in this play *hair* instead of *air*. These two words, and the word *ear*, were all, I believe, in the time of our author, pronounced alike.

Hair was formerly written *heare*. Hence perhaps the mistake. However, as flap-*ear'd* is used as an epithet of contempt in *The Taming of the Shrew*, the old copy may be right. MALONE.

Mr. Steeven's emendation will be further confirmed by a reference to one of our Law Reporters. In 23 Car. I. Ch. Justice Rolle said it had been determined that these words, "Where is that long-lock'd, *shag-hair'd*, murdering rogue," were actionable. *Aleyn's Reports*, p. 61.

P. 65, l. 17. *Enter* MALCOLM &c.] The part of Holinshed's *Chronicle* which relates to this play, is no more than an abridgement of John Bellenden's translation of *The Noble Clerk, Rector Boece*, imprinted at Edinburgh, 1541. STEEVENS.

P. 65, l. 22. 23. — — *like good men,*
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom:] He who

who can discover what is meant by him that earnestly exhorts him to *bestride* his *downfall birthdom*, is at liberty to adhere to the present text; but it is probable that Shakspeare wrote:

—— *like good men,*
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom ——.

The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, says he, lies on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution. So Falstaff says to Hal: "If thou see me down in the battle, and *bestride me*, so."

Birthdom for *birthright* is formed by the same analogy with *masterdom* in this play, signifying the *privileges* or *rights* of a *master*.

Perhaps it might be *birth-dame* for *mother*; let us stand over our *mother* that lies bleeding on the ground. JOHNSON.

There is no need of change. In the second part of *K. Henry IV*. Morton says:

"—— he doth *bestride a bleeding land.*"

STEEVENS.

P. 65, last l. *As if it felt with Scotland, and*
yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.] This presents a ridiculous image. But what is insinuated under it is noble; that the portents and prodigies in the skies, of which mention is made before, showed that heaven sympathised with Scotland.

WARBURTON.

The ridicule, I believe is only visible to the commentator. STEEVENS.

P. 66, l. 3. As I shall find the time to *friend*,] i. e. to *befriend*. STEEVENS.

P. 66, l. 10. — *and wisdom* —] That is, and *'tis* wisdom. HEATH.

The seuse of this passage is obvious, but the construction difficult, as there is no verb to which wisdom can refer. Something is omitted either through the negligence of the printer, or probably the inadvertence of the author. If we read —

"—— and *think it* wisdom" —

the sense will be supplied; but that would destroy the metre; and so indeed would the insertion of any word whatever. M. MASON.

I suspect this line to have suffered by interpolation as well as omission, and that it originally ran thus:

—— but something
You may deserve through me; and wisdom
is it
To offer &c.

Had the passage been first printed thus, would any reader have supposed the words "of him," were wanting to the sense? In this play I have already noted several instances of manifest interpolation and omission. STEEVENS.

P. 66, l. 15. 16. A good and virtuous nature
may *recoil*,
In an imperial charge.] A good mind may *recede* from goodness in the execution of a *royal commission*. JOHNSON.

P. 66, l. 18–22. *That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:* &c.]

This is not very clear. The meaning perhaps is

this: *My suspicious cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villainy.* JOHNSON.

P. 66, l. 26. — *in that rawness* —] Without previous provision, without due preparation, without *maturity* of counsel. JOHNSON.

P. 66, last l. —— *wear thou thy wrongs.*] That is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs.* JOHNSON.

P. 67, first l. *Thy title is affeer'd!*] *Affeer'd*, a law term for confirm'd. POPE.

What Mr. Pope says of the law term is undoubtedly true; but is there absolute reason why we should have recourse to it for the explanation of this passage? Macduff first apostrophises his country, and afterwards pointing to Malcolm, may say, that his title was *afear'd*, i. e. frighted from exerting itself. Throughout the ancient editions of Shakspeare, the word *afraid* is frequently written as it was formerly pronounced, *afear'd*. The old copy reads, — *The* title, &c. i. e. the regal title is afraid to assert itself.

I have, however, adopted Mr. Malone's emendation, as it varies, but in a single letter, from the reading of the old copy. See his subsequent note. STEEVENS.

If we read, *The* title is *affeer'd*, the meaning may be: — Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs, *the title to them is legally settled by these who had the final judication of it.*

Affeerers had the power of confirming or moderating fines and amercements. TOLLET.

To *affeer* (for so it should be written) is to

assess, or reduce to certainty. All amerciaments, — that is, judgements of any court of justice, upon a presentment or other proceeding, that a party shall be amerced, or in mercy, — are by Magna Charta to be *affeered* by lawful men, sworn to be impartial. This is the ordinary practice of a Court Leet, with which Shakspeare seems to have been intimately acquainted, and where he might have occasionally acted as an *affeerer*.

RITSON.

For the emendation now made I am answerable. *The* was, I conceive, the transcriber's mistake, from the similar sounds of *the* and *thy*, which are frequently pronounced alike.

Perhaps the meaning is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs! Thy title to them is now fully established by law.* Or perhaps he addresses Malcolm. Continue to endure tamely the wrongs you suffer: thy just title to the throne is *cow'd*, has not spirit to establish itself. MALONE.

P. 67, l. 30. *Sudden*, for capricious.

WARBURTON.

Rather, violent, passionate, hasty. JOHNSON.

P. 68, l. 3. Perhaps the epithet - *boundless*, which overloads the metre, was a playhouse interpolation. STEEVENS.

P. 68, l. 26. — *summer-seeding lust:*] The old copy has — summer-*seeming*. STEEVENS.

Summer-seeming has no manner of sense: correct,

Than summer-teeming *lust*; —

i. e. the passion that lasts no longer than the *heat* of life, and which goes off in the *winter* of age.

WARBURTON.

When I was younger and bolder, I corrected it thus,

Than fume, or seething lust.
that is, than angry passion, or boiling lust.
JOHNSON.

Summer-seeming lust, may signify lust that seems as hot as summer. STEEVENS.

Read — summer *seeding*. The allusion is to plants; and the sense is, "Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*, which is a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays." BLACKSTONE.

I have paid the attention to this conjuncture which I think it deserves, by admitting it into the text. STEEVENS.

Summer-*seeming* is, I believe, the true reading. In Donne's poems, we meet with "winter *seeming*." MALONE.

Sir W. Blackstone's elegant emendation is countenanced by the following passage in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"How will thy shame be *seeded* in thine age,
"When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?"
HENLEY.

P. 68, l. 28. ——*foysons* ——] Plenty. POPE.

It means *provisions* in plenty. So, in *The Ordinary* by Cartwright: "New *foysons* byn ygraced with new titles." The word was antiquated in the time of Cartwright, and is by him put into the mouth of an antiquary. STEEVENS.

P. 68, l. 29. *Portable* is, perhaps here used for *supportable*. *All these vices, being balanced by your virtues, may be* endured. MALONE.

Portable answers exactly to a phrase now in use. Such failings may be *borne with*, or are *bearable*. STEEVENS

P. 69, l. 2-5. — *Nay, had I power*, &c. &c.]

Malcolm, I think, means to say, that if he had ability, he would change the general state of things, and introduce into hell, and earth, perpetual vexation, uproar, and confusion. *Hell*, in its natural state, being always represented as full of *discord* and mutual enmity, in which its inhabitants may be supposed to take the greatest delight, he proposes as the severest stroke on them, to pour the *sweet milk of concord* amongst them, so as to render them peaceable and quiet, a state the most adverse to their natural disposition; while on the other hand he would throw the peaceable inhabitants of earth into uproar and confusion.

Perhaps, however, this may be thought too strained an interpretation. Malcolm, indeed, may only mean, that he will pour *all* that *milk of human kindness*, which is so beneficial to mankind, into the abyss, so as to leave the earth without any portion of it; and that by thus depriving mankind of those humane affections which are so necessary to their mutual happiness, he will throw the whole world into confusion. I believe, however, the former interpretation to be the true one. MALONE.

I believe, all that Malcolm designs to say is,—that, if he had power, he would even annihilate the gentle source or principle of peace: pour the soft milk by which it is nourished, among the flames of hell, which could not fail to dry it up.

Lady Macbeth has already observed that her husband was "too full of the *milk* of human kindness." STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 20. *Died every day she lived.*] The expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: "I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus, *I die daily*. MALONE.

To *die* unto *sin*, and to *live* unto *righteousness*, are phrases employed in our liturgy. STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 30. *From over-credulous haste:*] From over-hasty credulity. MALONE.

P. 70, l. 9. *At a point*, may mean all ready at a time; but Shakspeare meant more: He meant both time and place, and certainly wrote:

All ready at appoint, ——

i. e. at the place appointed, at the rendezvous. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change. JOHNSON.

P. 70, l. 10. The *chance of goodness*, as it is commonly read, conveys no sense. If there be not some more important errour in the passage, it should at least be pointed thus:

—— *and the chance, of goodness,*
Be like our warranted quarrel! ——

That is, may the event be, of the goodness of heaven, [*pro justitia divina,*] answerable to the cause.

Mr. Heath conceives the sense of the passage to be rather this: *And may the success of that goodness, which is about to exert itself in my behalf, be such as may be equal to the justice of my quarrel.*

But I am inclined to believe that Shakspeare wrote:

—— *and the chance*, O *goodness,*
Be like our warranted quarrel! ——

This some of his transcribers wrote with a small *o*, which another imagined to mean *of*. If we adopt this reading, the sense will be: *And O thou sovereign Goodness, to whom we now appeal, may our fortune answer to our cause.* JOHNSON.

P. 70, l. 21. — their malady *convinces*] i. e. overpowers, subdues. STEEVENS.

P. 70, l. 33. — *he cures*;] Dr Percy in his notes on the Northumberland Houshold Book says, "that our ancient Kings even in those dark times of superstition, do not seem to have affected to cure the King's evil. — This miraculous gift was left to be claimed by the Stuarts: our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the cramp." In this assertion however the learned editor of the above curious volume has been betrayed into a mistake by relying too implicitly on the authority of Mr. Anstis. The power of curing the King's evil was claimed by many of the Plantagenets. Dr. Borde who wrote in the time of Henry the 8th says, "The Kynges of England by the power that God hath given to them dothe make sicke men whole of a sycknes called the *Kynge's Evyll.*" In *Laneham's Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle* it is said "— and also by her Highness [Q. Elizabeth] accustomed mercy and charitee, nyne cured of the peynful and dangerous diseaz called the *King's Evil*, for that Kings and Queens of this realm without oother medsin, (save only by handling and prayer) only doo it." Polydore Virgil asserts the same; and Will. Tooker in the reign of Queen Elizabeth published a book on this subject, an account of which is to be seen in Dr. Douglas's treatise entitled "*The Criterion,*" p. 191. See Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, Vol. XII. p. 428. edit. 1780. REED.

P. 70, last l. but one. — *a golden stamp* —] This was the coin called an *angel*. So, Shakspeare, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"A coin that bears the figure of an *angel*

"*Stamped in gold*, but that's insculp'd upon."

The value of the coin was ten shillings.

STEEVENS.

P. 71, l. 1. 2. *To the succeeding royalty he leaves*

The healing benediction.] It must be own'd, that Shakspeare is often guilty of strange absurdities in point of history and chronology. Yet here he has artfully avoided one. He had a mind to hint, that the cure of the *evil* was to descend to the successors in the royal line, in compliment to James the first. But the Confessor was the first who pretended to the gift; How then could it be at that time generally spoken of, that the gift was hereditary? this he has solved by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton here invents an objection, in order to solve it. "The Confessor (says he) was the *first* who pretended to this gift: how then could it be at that time generally spoken of, that the gift was *hereditary*? This he [Shakspeare] has solved, by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it." — But Shakspeare does not say, that it was hereditary in Edward, or, in other words that he had inherited this extraordinary power from his *ancestors*; but that "it was generally *spoken*, that he *leaves* the healing benediction to *succeeding* Kings:" and such a rumour there might be in the time of Edward the Confessor, (supposing he had such a gift,) without his having the gift of prophecy along with it.

Shakspeare has merely transcribed what he found in Holinshed, without the conceit which Dr. Warburton has imputed to him: "As hath beene

thought, he was inspired with the gift or prophesie, and also to have had the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to helpe those that were vexed with the disease commonlie called the King's evil, and *left that virtue* as it were *a portion of inheritance unto his successors*, the *Kings* of this realme." Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 195.
MALONE.

P. 71, l. 8. Mal. *My countryman; but yet I know him not.*] Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress. This circumstance loses its propriety on our stage, as all the characters are uniformly represented in English habits. STEEVENS.

P. 71, l. 21. To *rent* is an ancient verb which has been long ago disused. STEEVENS.

P. 71, l. 23. 24. — where violent sorrow seems *A modern ecstacy:* That is, no more regarded than the contorsions that fanatics throw themselves into. The author was thinking of those of his own times. WARBURTON.

I believe *modern* is only *foolish* or *trifling*.
JOHNSON.

Modern is generally used by Shakspeare to signify *trite*, *common*; as "*modern* instances," in *As you like It*, &c. &c. STEEVENS.

Ecstacy, is used by Shakspeare for a temporary alienation of mind. MALONE.

P. 71, l. 30. *Too nice, and yet too true!*] The redundancy of this hemistich induces me to believe our author only wrote —

Too nice, yet true! STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 19. To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*.
STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 28. To *latch* (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to *catch*. STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 30. — *a fee-grief*,] A peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"My woeful self that did in freedom stand,
"And was my own *fee-simple*." MALONE.

It must, I think, be allowed that in both the foregoing instances the Attorney has been guilty of a flat trespass on the Poet. STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 9. *Quarry* is a term used both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In both sports it means the game after it is killed. STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 24. *He has no children.*] It has been observed by an anonymous critic, that this is not said of Macbeth, who had children, but of Malcolm, who, having none, supposes a father can be so easily comforted. JOHNSON.

The meaning of this may be, either that Macduff could not by retaliation revenge the murder of his children, because Macbeth had none himself; or that if he had any, a father's feelings for a father would have prevented him from the deed. I know not from what passage we are to infer that Macbeth had children alive. Holinshed's Chronicle does not, as I remember, mention any. The same thought occurs again in *K. John*:

"He talks to me that *never had a son*."

Again in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"You have *no children*: butchers, if you had,
"The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse." STEEVENS.

Surely the latter of the two interpretations offered

by Mr. Steevens is the true one, supposing these words to relate to Macbeth.

The passage, however, quoted from *King John*, seems in favour of the supposition that these words relate to Malcolm.

That Macbeth had children at some period, appears from what Lady Macbeth says in the first act: "I have given suck," &c.

I am still more strongly confirmed in thinking these words relate to Malcolm, and not to Macbeth, because Macbeth *had* a son then alive, named Lulah, who after his father's death was proclaimed King by some of his friends, and slain at Strathbolgie, about four months after the battle of Dunsinane. See Fordun. *Scoti-Chron.* L. V. c. viii.

Whether Shakspeare was apprized of this circumstance, cannot be now ascertained; but we cannot prove that he was unacquainted with it.

MALONE.

P. 73, l. 28. *Swoop* is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry. It is frequently, however, used by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, to express the swift descent of rivers. STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 29. *Dispute it like a man.*] i. e. contend with your present sorrow like a man.

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P. 74, l. 11. — *all intermission;*] i. e. *all pause, all intervening time.* STEEVENS.

P. 74, l. 13. 14. — — *if he 'scape,*
Heaven forgive him too!] That is, if he escape my vengeance, let him escape that of Heaven also.

The meaning, I believe, is, if heaven be so unjust as to let him escape my vengeance, I am content that it should proceed still further in its

injustice, and to impunity in this world add forgiveness hereafter. MALONE.

P. 75, l. 8. and fol. *Since his Majesty went into the field*, &c.] This is one of Shakspeare's oversights. He forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane, and surrounded him with besiegers. That he could *not go into the field*, is observed by himself with splenetic impatience:

"—— our castle's strength
"Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie
"Till famine and the ague eat them up.
"Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
"*We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,*
"*And beat them backward home.*"

It is clear also from other passages, that Macbeth's motions had long been circumscribed by the walls of his fortress.

The truth may be, that Shakspeare thought the spirit of Lady Macbeth could not be so effectually subdued, and her peace of mind so speedily unsettled by reflection on her guilt, as during the absence of her husband:

—— *deserto jacuit dum frigida lecto,*
Dum queritur tardos ire relicta dies.

For the present change in her disposition, therefore, our poet (though in the haste of finishing his play he forgot his plan,) might mean to have provided, by allotting her such an interval of solitude as would subject her mind to perturbation, and dispose her thoughts to repentance.

It does not appear from any circumstance within the compass of this drama, that she had once been separated from her husband, after his return from

the victory over Macdonwald, and the King of Norway. STEEVENS.

P. 76, l. 16. *One; Two;*] Macbeth does not, previously to the murder, mention the hour at which Lady Macbeth is to strike upon the bell, which was to be the signal for his going into Duncan's chamber to execute his wicked purpose; but it seems that Lady Macbeth is now thinking of the moment when she rang the bell; and that two o'clock was the hour when the deed was perpetrated. This agrees with the scene that immediately precedes the murder, but not with that which follows it. MALONE.

P. 76, l. 17. *Murky* is *dark*.

Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when awake. She, therefore, would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who, (she supposes), had just said, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed,) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

Hell is murky!—Fie, my Lord, fie! a soldier, and afear'd? This explanation, I think, gives a spirit to the passage, which has hitherto appeared languid, being perhaps misapprehended, by those who placed a full point at the conclusion of it.

STEEVENS.

P. 76, l. 20. 21. *Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?* Statius, speaking of the sword by which an old man was slain, calls it *egentem sanguinis ensem*; and Ovid, [Met. L. VII.] describing a wound in-

flicted on a superannuated ram, has the same circumstance:

—— guttura cultro
Fodit, et *exiguo* maculavit *sanguine* ferrum.

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P. 76, l. 26. —*you mar all with this starting.*] Alluding to the terrors of Macbeth, when the ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet.

STEEVENS.

P. 77, l. 13. — *there's knocking at the gate.*] Lady Macbeth in her sleep is talking of Duncan's murder, and recalls to her mind the circumstance of the knocking at the gate just after it. A. C.

P. 77, l. 28. My mind she has *mated*,] i. e. astonished, confounded. JOHNSON.

The expression is taken from *chess-playing*.

STEEVENS.

Our author, as well as his contemporaries, seems to have used the word as explained by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Pope supposes *mated* to mean here *conquered* or *subdued;* but that clearly is not the sense affixed to it by Shakspeare; though the etymology, supposing the expression to be taken from *chess-playing*, might favour such interpretation.

The original word was to *amate*, which Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 8vo, 1616, explains by the words, "to dismay, to make afraid:" so that *mate*, as commonly used by our old writers, has no reference to chess-playing. MALONE.

P. 78, l. 7. *His uncle Siward*,] "Duncan had two sons (says Holinshed) by his wife, who was the daughter of *Siward*, *Earl of Northumberland.*" STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 10. Excite the *mortified man.*] Mr. Theobald will needs explain this expression "*It*

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P. 78, l. 10. Excite the *mortified man.*] Mr. Theobald will needs explain this expression "*It*

means (says he) *the man who has abandoned himself to despair, who has no spirit or resolution left.*" And, to support this sense of *mortified man*, he quotes *mortified spirit* in another place. But if this was the meaning, Shakspeare had not wrote *the mortified man*, but *a mortified man*. In a word, by *the mortified man*, is meant a *religious*; one who has subdued his passions, is *dead* to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it; an *Ascetic*. WARBURTON.

P. 78, l. 18. And many *unrough* youths,] An old expression. It means smooth-fac'd, unbearded. STEEVENS.

P. 79, l. 3. 4. *When all that is within him*
does condemn
Itself, for being there?] That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self condemnation. JOHNSON.

P. 79, l. 7. — the *medecin* —] i. e. physician. Shakspeare uses this word in the feminine gender where Lafeu speaks of Helen in *All's Well that Ends Well*; and Florizel, in *The Winter's Tale*, calls Camillo, "the *medecin* of our house."
STEEVENS.

P. 79, l. 18. *Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:*] *Tell me not any more of desertions: — Let all my subjects leave me: — I am safe till*, &c. JOHNSON.

P. 79, last l. And mingle with the *English*
epicures:] The reproach of epicurism, on which Mr. Theobald has bestowed a note, is nothing more than a natural invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country, against those who have more opportunities of luxury.
JOHNSON.

Shak-

Shakspeare took the thought from Holinshed, p. 179 and 180, of his *History of Scotland*: "—the Scotish people before had no knowledge nor understanding of fine fare or riotous surfet; yet after they had once tasted the sweet poisoned bait thereof, &c. — those superfluities which came into the realme of Scotland with the *Englishmen*" &c. The same historian informs us, that in those ages the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very sparingly. It appears from Dr. Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that the natives had neither *kail* nor brogues, till they were taught the art of planting the one, and making the other, by the soldiers of Cromwell; and yet K. James VI. in his 7th parliament thought it necessary to form an act "against superfluous banqueting." STEEVENS.

P. 80, l. 2. To *sag*, or *swag*, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an overload. See Junius's *Etymologicon*. It is common in Staffordshire to say, "a beam in a building *sags*, or has *sagged*." TOLLET.

P. 80, l. 11 *Thou lilly-liver'd boy.*] Falstaff says, in the second part of *K. Henry IV*: "—left the liver *white and pale*, which is the badge of *pusillanimity and cowardice*." STEEVENS.

P. 80, l. 11. — — *patch?*] An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *pied*, *patch'd*, or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to noble families. STEEVENS.

P. 80, l. 12. 13. — — *those linen cheeks of thine*
Are counsellors to fear.] The meaning is, they infect others who see them, with cowardice. WARBURTON.

Are not these lines almost a paraphrase on the contested part of the passage before us? — He who could say that you might behold the *autumn* in *him*, would not scruple to write, that *he* was fallen into the autumn of his days (i. e. into that decay which always accompanies autumn); and how easy is the transition from this to saying "the *course or progress of his life* had reached the autumnal season?" which is all that is meant by the words of the text, "My way of life," &c.

The using "the sear, the yellow leaf," simply and absolutely for *autumn*, or rather *autumnal decay*, because in autumn the leaves of trees turn yellow, and begin to fall and decay, is certainly a licentious mode of expression; but it is such a licence as may be found in almost every page of our author's works. It would also ha e been more natural for Macbeth to have said, that, in the course or progress of life, *he* had arrived at his autumn, than to say, that the course of his life itself had fallen into autumn or decay; but this too is much in Shakspeare's manner. With respect to the word *fallen*, which at first view seems a very singular expression, I strongly suspect that he caught it from the language of conversation, in which we at this day often say that this or that person is "*fallen into a decay;*" a phrase that might have been current in his time also. It is the very idea here conveyed. Macbeth is *fallen into his* autumnal *decline*.

When a passage can be thus easily explained, and the mode of expression is so much in our poet's general manner, surely any attempt at emendation is not only unnecessary, but dangerous. However, as a reading which was originally proposed by Dr. Johnson, and has been adopted in

Besides, what a similarity of expression in other passages of Shakspeare, and the concinnity of the figure, both unite to support the proposed emendation. The sentiment of Macbeth I take to be this: *The tender leaves of hope, the promise of my greener days, are now in my autumn, wither'd and fruitless: my mellow hangings are all shook down, and I am left bare to the weather.*

HENLEY.

The old reading should not have been discarded, as the following passage proves that it was a mode of expression in use at that time, as *course* of life is now.

In Massinger's *Very Woman*, the Doctor says,

"In *way of life*, I did enjoy one friend."

STEEVENS.

The meaning of this contested passage, I think, is this. I have lived long enough. In the course or progress of life, I am arrived at that period when the body begins to decay; I have reached the autumn of my days. Those comforts which ought to accompany old age, (to compensate for the infirmities naturally attending it,) I have no title to expect; but on the contrary, the curses of those I have injured, and the hollow adulation of mortified dependants. I have lived long enough: It is time for me to retire.

A passage in one of our author's Sonnets, may prove the best comment on the present:

"*That time of year* in *me* thou may'st behold,
"When *yellow leaves* or none or few do hang
"Upon those boughs, which shake against the cold,
"Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

Are not these lines almost a paraphrase on the contested part of the passage before us? — He who could say that you might behold the *autumn* in *him*, would not scruple to write, that *he* was fallen into the autumn of his days (i. e. into that decay which always accompanies autumn); and how easy is the transition from this to saying "the *course or progress of his life* had reached the autumnal season?" which is all that is meant by the words of the text, "My way of life," &c.

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When a passage can be thus easily explained, and the mode of expression is so much in our poet's general manner, surely any attempt at emendation is not only unnecessary, but dangerous. However, as a reading which was originally proposed by Dr. Johnson, and has been adopted in

the modern editions, "—my *May* of life," has many favourers, I shall add a word or two on that subject.

By his "*May* of life having fallen into the yellow leaf," that is, into autumn, we must understand that Macbeth means either, that being in reality young, he is, in consequence of his cares, arrived at a *premature* old age; —or that he means simply to assert, that in the progress of life he has passed from *May* or youth to autumn or old age; in other words, that he is now an old man, or at least near being one.

If the first interpretation be maintained, it is sufficient to say, (I use the words of my friend Mr. Flood, whose ingenious comment on this passage I published some years ago,) that "Macbeth, when he speaks this speech, is *not youth ful.* He is contemporary to Banquo who is advanced in years, and who hath a son upon the scene able to escape the pursuit of assassins and the vigilance of Macbeth." I may likewise add that Macbeth having now sat for seventeen years on the throne of Scotland, cannot with any probability be supposed to be like our author's Henry V. "in the *May*-morn of his youth." We must therefore understand these words in the latter sense; namely, that he means only, that in the ordinary progress he has passed from the spring to the autumn of life, from youth to the confines of age. What then is obtained by this alteration? for this is precisely the meaning of the words as they stand in the old copy.

There is still another very strong objection to the proposed emendation. It is alledged that in this very play *may* is printed instead of *way*, and why may not the contrary error have happened here? — For this plain reason; because *May* (the

month) both in manuscript and print always is exhibited with a capital letter, and it is exceedingly improbable that a compositor at the press should use a small w instead of a capital M.

But, without going further into this subject, it is sufficient for our purpose, that the text, as it is exhibited in the ancient copy, affords an obvious, easy sense, without any emendation whatsoever. MALONE.

Sear is dry. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 6. To *skirr*, I believe, signifies to scour, to ride hastily. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 7. Hang those that *talk* of fear.] The second folio reads *stand* in fear. HENDERSON.

P. 81, l. 17. — *with some sweet oblivious antidote*,] Perhaps, as Dr. Farmer has observed, our poet here remembered Spenser's description of Nepenthe. MALONE.

Our author's idea might have been caught from the 6th book of *The Æneid*, where the effects of *Lethe* are described. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 18. *Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff*,] *Stuff'd* is the reading of the old copy; but for the sake of the ear, which must be shocked by the recurrence of so harsh a word, I am willing to read, *foul*, as there is authority for the change from Shakspeare himself, in *As you like it*, Act II. sc. vi:

"Cleanse the *foul* body of the infected world."

We properly speak of *cleansing* what is *foul*, but not what is *stuffed*. STEEVENS.

The recurrence of the word *stuff* in this passage, is very unpleasing to the ear, but there is no ground, I think, to suspect the text to be corrupt; for our author was extremely fond of such repetitions.

The words *stuff'd* and *stuff*, however mean they may sound at present, have, like many other terms, been debased by time, and appear to have been formerly considered as words proper to be used in passages of the greatest dignity. As such Shakspeare has employed them in *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Julius Caesar*, &c. Again, in *The Tempest*, in a passage where the author certainly aimed at dignity:

"And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded,
"Leave not a rack behind.— We are such *stuff*
"As dreams are made of."

In a note on a passage in *Othello*, Dr. Johnson observes, that "*stuff* in the Teutonick languages is a word of great force. The elements (he adds) are called in Dutch *hoefd stoffen*, or *head-stuffs*."

MALONE.

The present question is not concerning the dignity of word — *stuffed*, but its nauseous iteration, of which no example has been produced by Mr. Malone; for that our author has indulged himself in the repetition of harmonious words, is no proof that he would have repeated harsh ones.

I may venture also (in support of my opinion) to subjoin, that the same gentleman, in a very judicious comment on *K. Henry IV*. P. II. has observed, "that when a word is repeated without propriety, in *the same*, or two succeeding lines, there is great reason to suspect some corruption."

STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 29. *To cast the water* was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine. STEEVENS.

P. 82, l. 26. — *the confident tyrant*] We must surely read:

—— *the* confin'd *tyrant*. WARBURTON.

He was *confident* of success; so *confident* that he would not fly, but endure their *setting down* before his castle. JOHNSON.

P. 82, last l. The impropriety of the expression, *advantage to be given*, instead of *advantage given*, and the disagreeable repetition of the word *given* in the next line, incline me to read:

—— *where there is* a'vantage *to be* gone,
Both more and less have given him the revolt.

Advantage or *'vantage*, in the time of Shakspeare, signified *opportunity*. *He shut up himself and his soldiers* (says Malcolm) *in the castle, because when there is an opportunity to be gone, they all desert him.*

More and less is the same with *greater and less*. So, in the interpolated *Mandeville*, a book of that age, there is a chapter of *India the More and the Less*. JOHNSON.

I would read, if any alteration were necessary:

For where there is advantage to be got.

But the words as they stand in the text will bear Dr. Johnson's explanation, which is most certainly right. — "For wherever an opportunity of flight is *given* them," &c.

More and *less*, for *greater* and *less*, is likewise found in Chaucer, and in Spenser.

STEEVENS.

Where there is advantage to be given, I believe, means, where advantageous offers are made to allure the adherents of Macbeth to forsake him.

HENLEY.

I suspect that *given* was caught by the printer's eye glancing on the subsequent line, and strongly incline to Dr. Johnson's emendation, *gone*.

MALONE.

Why is the repetition of the word — *given*, less venial than the recurrence of the word — *stuff'd*, in a preceding page? See Mr. Malone's objections to my remark on "Cleanse the *stuff'd* bosom of that perilous *stuff*." STEEVENS.

P. 83, l. 5. *Attend the true event*,] The arbitrary change made in the second folio (which some criticks have represented as an *improved* edition) is here worthy of notice:

Let our *best* censures
Before the true event, and put we on, &c.
MALONE.

Surely, a few errors in a few pages of a book, do not exclude all idea of *improvement* in other parts of it. I cherish this hope for my own sake, as well as for that of other commentators on Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

P. 83, l. 9. —— *what we owe.*] i. e. *property* and *allegiance*. WARBURTON.

When we are governed by legal Kings, we shall know the limits of their claim, i. e. shall know what we have of our own, and what they have a right to take from us.

Mr. Henley explains the passage thus: "The issue of the contest will soon decide what we shall say we *have*, and what may be accounted *our own*." To *owe* here is to possess. STEEVENS.

Had these lines been put into the mouth of any of the Scottish Peers, they might possibly bear the meaning that Steevens contends for; but as they are supposed to be spoken by Siward, who was not to be governed either by Malcolm or Macbeth, they can scarcely admit of that interpretation. Siward probably only means to say in more pompous language, that the time approached which was to decide their fate. M. MASON.

month) both in manuscript and print always is exhibited with a capital letter, and it is exceedingly improbable that a compositor at the press should use a small w instead of a capital M.

But, without going further into this subject, it is sufficient for our purpose, that the text, as it is exhibited in the ancient copy, affords an obvious, easy sense, without any emendation whatsoever. MALONE.

Sear is dry. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 6. To *skirr*, I believe, signifies to scour, to ride hastily. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 7. Hang those that *talk* of fear.] The second folio reads *stand* in fear. HENDERSON.

P. 81, l. 17. — *with some sweet oblivious antidote*,] Perhaps, as Dr. Farmer has observed, our poet here remembered Spenser's description of Nepenthe. MALONE.

Our author's idea might have been caught from the 6th book of *The Æneid*, where the effects of *Lethe* are described. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 18. *Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff*,] *Stuff'd* is the reading of the old copy; but for the sake of the ear, which must be shocked by the recurrence of so harsh a word, I am willing to read, *foul*, as there is authority for the change from Shakspeare himself, in *As you like it*, Act II. sc. vi:

"Cleanse the *foul* body of the infected world."

We properly speak of *cleansing* what is *foul*, but not what is *stuffed*. STEEVENS.

The recurrence of the word *stuff* in this passage, is very unpleasing to the ear, but there is no ground, I think, to suspect the text to be corrupt; for our author was extremely fond of such repetitions.

The words *stuff'd* and *stuff*, however mean they may sound at present, have, like many other terms, been debased by time, and appear to have been formerly considered as words proper to be used in passages of the greatest dignity. As such Shakspeare has employed them in *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Julius Caesar*, &c. Again, in *The Tempest*, in a passage where the author certainly aimed at dignity:

"And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded,
"Leave not a rack behind.— We are such *stuff*
"As dreams are made of."

In a note on a passage in *Othello*, Dr. Johnson observes, that "*stuff* in the Teutonick languages is a word of great force. The elements (he adds) are called in Dutch *hoefd stoffen*, or *head-stuffs*."

MALONE.

The present question is not concerning the dignity of word — *stuffed*, but its nauseous iteration, of which no example has been produced by Mr. Malone; for that our author has indulged himself in the repetition of harmonious words, is no proof that he would have repeated harsh ones.

I may venture also (in support of my opinion) to subjoin, that the same gentleman, in a very judicious comment on *K. Henry IV*. P. II. has observed, "that when a word is repeated without propriety, in *the same*, or two succeeding lines, there is great reason to suspect some corruption."

STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 29. *To cast the water* was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine. STEEVENS.

P. 82, l. 26. — *the confident tyrant*] We must surely read:

—— *the* confin'd *tyrant*. WARBURTON.

He was *confident* of success; so *confident* that he would not fly, but endure their *setting down* before his castle. JOHNSON.

P. 82, last l. The impropriety of the expression, *advantage to be given*, instead of *advantage given*, and the disagreeable repetition of the word *given* in the next line, incline me to read:

—— *where there is* a'vantage *to be* goue,
Both more and less have given him the revolt.

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Siward, having undertaken the cause of Scotland, speaks, as a Scotsman would have spoken; and especially as he is now in the presence of Malcolm, Macduff, and others of the same country.

STEEVENS.

P. 83, l. 11. —— *arbitrate*:] i. e. *determine*.

JOHNSON.

P. 83, l. 12. *Towards which, advance the war.*] It has been understood that local rhymes were introduced in plays to afford an actor the advantage of a more pointed exit, or to close a scene with additional force. Yet, whatever might be Shakspeare's motive for continuing such a practice, it may be observed that he often seems immediately to repent of it; and in the tragedy before us, has repeatedly counteracted it by hemistichs which destroy the effect and consequently defeat the supposed purpose of the antecedent couplets. See the following instances, in addition to that which introduces the present note.

Leave all the rest to me, — Act I. end of scene v.
So pr'ythee go with me — Act III. — sc. ii.
We are yet but young in deed. — Act III. — sc. iv.
But no more sights, &c. — Act IV. — sc. i.
I think, but dare not speak. — Act V. — sc. i.
Make we our march towards Birnam. — Act V. — sc. ii.

In Hamlet, &c. we find such hemistichs after the rhymes at the ends of acts, as well as scenes.

STEEVENS.

P. 83, last l. —— *my senses would have cool'd*] The *blood* is sometimes said to be *chilled*; but I do not recollect any other instance in which this phrase is applied to the *senses*. Perhaps our author wrote—*'coil'd*. My senses would have shrunk back;

died within me. So, in the second scene of the present act:

"—— Who then shall blame
"His pester'd *senses* to *recoil* and start?"

MALONE.

I retain the old reading. Perhaps no word so forcible can be placed in its room. Thus, in the fifth *Æneid:*

"Sanguis hebet, *frigent*que effoetae in corpore vires."

The same expression occurs also in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:* "My humour shall not *cool.*"

But what example is there of the verb *recoiled* clipped into *'coiled? Coiled* can only afford the idea of *wound in a ring*, like a rope or a serpent.

STEEVENS.

P. 84, first l. —— *my fell of hair*] My hairy part, my *capillitium. Fell* is *skin.* JOHNSON.

A dealer in hides is still called a *fell*-monger.

STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 3. —— *I have supp'd full with horrors;*] Statius has a similar thought in the second book of his *Thebais:*

"—— attollit membra, toroque
"Erigitur, *plenus monstris*, vanumque cruorem
"Excutiens."

The conclusion of this passage may remind the reader of lady Macbeth's behaviour in her sleep.

STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 9. *There would have been a time for such a word.*] This passage has very justly been suspected of being corrupt. It is not apparent for what *word* there would have been a *time*, and that there would or would

not be a *time* for any *word*, seems not a consideration of importance sufficient to transport Macbeth into the following exclamation. I read therefore:

She should have died hereafter,
There would have been a time for — such a world! —
To-morrow, &c.

It is a broken speech, in which only part of the thought is expressed, and may be paraphrased thus: *The Queen is dead.* Macbeth. *Her death should have been deferred to some more peaceful hour; had she lived longer*, there would at length have been a time for *the honours due to her as a Queen, and that respect which I owe her for her fidelity and love. Such is the* world—*such is the condition of human life, that we always think* to-morrow *will be happier than to-day, but to-morrow and to-morrow steals over us unenjoyed and unregarded, and we still linger in the same expectation to the moment appointed for our end, All these days, which have thus passed away, have sent multitudes of fools to the grave, who were engrossed by the same dream of future felicity, and, when life was departing from them, were, like me, reckoning on to-morrow.*

Such was once my conjecture, but I am now less confident. Macbeth might mean, that there would have been a more convenient *time* for such a *word*, for such *intelligence*, and so fall into the following reflection. We say we send *word* when we give intelligence. JOHNSON.

By — *a word* Shakspeare certainly means more than a single one. STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 10. *To-morrow, and to morrow, and to-morrow,*} This re-

petition, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, occurs in *Barclay's Ship of Fooles*, 1570:

"*Cras*, *cras*, *cras*, to-morrow we shall amende." STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 12. *Recorded time* seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life: The *record* of *futurity* is indeed no accurate expression, but, as we only know transactions past or present, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of prescience in which future events may be supposed to be written.

JOHNSON.

Recorded is probably here used for *recording* or *recordable*; one participle for the other, of which there are many instances both in Shakspeare and other English writers. Virgil uses *penetrabile* frigus for *penetrans* frigus, and *penetrabile* telum for telum *penetrans*. STEEVENS.

By *recorded* time, Shakspeare means not only the time that *has been*, but also that which *shall be* recorded. M. MASON.

P. 84, l. 14. The way to *dusty* death.] We should read *dusky*, as appears from the figurative term *lighted*. WARBURTON.

Dusty is a very natural epithet. The second folio has:

The way to study *death*. ——

which Mr. Upton prefers; but it is only an errour by an accidental transposition of the types.

JOHNSON.

The dust of death is an expression used in the 22d Psalm. *Dusty death* alludes to the expression of *dust to dust* in the burial service, and to the sentence pronounced against Adam: "*Dust* thou art, and to *dust* thou shalt return."

Shakspeare, however, in the first act of this play,

speaks of the Thane of Cawdor, as of one "—who had been *studied* in his *death*." STEEVENS.

Dr Johnson justly observes thut *dusty* is a very natural epithet. Our author again alludes to the *dust* of death, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
"Where no priest shovels in *dust*."

MALONE.

P. 85, first l. *Clung*, in the northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up. By famine, the intestines are, as it were, stuck together.

Mr. Whalley however observes, that till famine *cling* thee, means—till it *dry thee up*, or *exhaust all thy moisture*. *Clung wood* is wood of which the sap is entirely dried or spent. *Clung* and *clem*, says he, are terms of very different meaning.

STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 5. *I* pull *in resolution;*] Though this is the reading of all the editions, yet, as it is a phrase without either example, elegance, or propriety, it is surely better to read:

I pall *in resolution*, ——

I languish in my constancy, my confidence begins to forsake me. It is scarcely necessary to observe how easily *pall* might be changed into *pull* by a negligent writer or mistaken for it by an unskilful printer. With this emendation Dr. Warburton and Mr. Heath concur. JOHNSON.

There is surely no need of change; for Shakspeare, who made Trinculo, in *The Tempest*, say,

"I will *let loose* my opinion,"

might have written.

I pull in my resolution.

He had permitted his courage (like a fiery horse) to carry him to the brink of a precipice, but, seeing his danger, resolves to *check* that confidence to which he had *given the rein before.* STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 14. — *harness* —] An old word for armour. HENDERSON.

P. 86, l. 10. *But, bear-like, I must fight the course.*] A phrase taken from bear-baiting. STEEVENS.

P. 86, l. 13. and fol. *Enter young* SIWARD. &c. &c.] This short scene is injudiciously omitted on the stage. The poet designed Macbeth should *appear* invincible, till he encountered the object destined for his destruction. STEEVENS.

P. 87, l. 15. — *bruited:*] From *bruit.* F. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noise. STEEVENS.

P. 87, l. 28-30. *Why should I play the Roman fool,* &c.] Alluding, perhaps, to the suicide of *Cato Uticensis*, which our author must have read of in the old translation of Plutarch, as the same circumstance is mentioned again in *Julius Caesar:*

"— I did blame *Cato* for the death
"Which he did give himself." STEEVENS.

P. 88, l. 10. — the *intrenchant air*] That is, air which cannot be cut. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason wishes to interpret the word *intrenchant* differently, and says that it may signify *surrounding*; but of a participle with such a meaning, I believe there is no example.—Shakspeare's indiscriminate use of active and passive participles has been frequently noticed. In *Timon* he has

trenchant in an active sense, and in the line before us *intrenchant* it employed as passive.

STEEVENS.

P. 88, l. 13. I bear a *charmed* life,] In the days of chivalry, the champions' arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit. UPTON.

P. 88, l. 22. *That palter with us in a double sense;*] That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions. JOHNSON.

P. 88, l. 29. *Painted upon a pole;*] That is, on cloth suspended on a pole. MALONE.

P. 89, l. 3. — — — that first cries. *Hold, enough.*] See Mr. Tollet's note on the words "To cry, *hold! hold!*" p. 201. Again in Stowe's *Chronicle*, one of the combatants was an esquire, and knighted after the battle, which the King terminated by crying *Hoo*, i. e. hold. STEEVENS.

"To cry *hold*, is the word of yielding," says Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, p. 74, i. e. when one of the combatants cries so. TOLLET.

P. 89, l. 24–29. *Had he his hurts before?* &c.] This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon by Camden in his *Remains*, from which our author probably copied it.

When Siward, the martial Earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent in service against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, in the fore part, he replied "I am right glad;

glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine." JOHNSON.

Our author might have found the same incident recorded by Holinshed in his Chronicle, Vol. I. p. 192. MALONE.

P. 90, first l. — *with* Macbeth's *head on a pole.*] These words I have added to the stage-direction, from the Chronicle:

"Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole; and brought it unto Malcolm." This explains the word *stands* in Macduff's speech.

Many of the stage-directions appear to have been inserted by the players; and they are often very injudicious. In this scene, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) according to their direction, Macbeth is slain on the stage, and Macduff immediately afterwards enters with Macbeth's head.

MALONE.

Our ancient players were not even skilful enough to prevent absurdity in those circumstances which fell immediately under their own management. No bad specimen of their want of common sense on such occasions, may be found in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611. — "*Enter* Sybilla *lying in childbed,* with her child *lying* by her," &c.

STEEVENS.

P. 90, l. 6. *Thy kingdom's pearl* means *thy kingdom's wealth*, or rather ornament.

John Florio, in a Sonnet prefixed to his *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, calls Lord Southampton — "bright *pearle* of peers." MALONE.

P. 90, l. 11. To *spend* an *expence,* is a phrase with which no reader will be satisfied. We certainly owe it to the mistake of a transcriber, or

the negligence of a printer. Perhaps, *extent* was the poet's word. STEEVENS.

P. 90, l. 10. and fol. "Malcolm immediately after his coronation called a parlement at Forfair, in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth. — Manie of them that were before *Thanes*, were at this time made *Earles*, as Fife, Menteth, Athol, Levenox, Murrey, Chatness, Rosse, and Angus." Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 176.

MALONE.

This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakspeare's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. JOHNSON.

How frequent the practice of enquiring into the events of futurity, similar to those of Macbeth, was in Shakspeare's time, may be seen in the following instances: "The Marshall of Raiz wife hath bin heard to say, that Queen Katherine beeing desirous to know what should become of her children, and who should succeed them, the party

which undertooke to assure her, let her see a glasse, representing a hall, in the which either of them made so many turns as he should raigne yeares; and that King Kenry the Third, making his, the Duke of Guise crost him like a flash of lightning; after which the Prince of Navarre presented himselfe, and made 22 turnes, and then vanished." *P. Mathieu's Heroyk life and deplorable death of Henry the Fourth*, translated by *Ed. Grimeston*, 4to. 1612. p. 42. Again, "It is reported that a Duke of Bourgondy had like to have died for feare at the sight of the nine worthies which a magician shewed him." *Ib.* p. 116. REED.

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a list of no less than CII. dramatic subjects, had fixed on the story of this play among the rest. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's castle. "The matter of Duncan (says he) may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost." It should seem from this last memorandum, that Milton disliked the licence his predecessor had taken in comprehending a history of such length within the short compass of a play, and would have new-written the whole on the plan of the ancient drama. He could not surely have indulged so vain a hope, as that of excelling Shakspeare in the *Tragedy of Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

Macbeth was certainly one of Shakspeare's latest productions, and it might possibly have been suggested to him by a little performance on the same subject at Oxford, before King James, 1605. I will transcribe my notice of it from *Wake's Rex Platonicus*: "Fabulae ansam dedit antiqua de regiâ

prosapiâ historiola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quae narrat tres olim Sibyllas occurrisse duobus Scotiae proceribus, Macbetho et Banchoni, et illum praedixisse regem futurum, sed regum nullum geniturum; hunc regem non futurum, sed reges geniturum multos. Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit. Banchonis enim è stirpe potentissimus Jacobus oriundus." p. 29.

Since I made the observation here quoted, I have been repeatedly told, that I *unwittingly* make Shakspeare learned at least in Latin, as this must have been the language of the performance before King James. One might perhaps have plausibly said, that he probably picked up the story at *second-hand*: but mere accident has thrown an old pamphlet in my way, intitled *The Oxford Triumph*, by one Anthony Nixon, 1605, which explains the whole matter: "This performance, says Antony, was first in Latine to the King, then in English to the Queene and young Prince:" and, as he goes on to tell us, "the conceipt thereof the Kinge did very much applaude." It is likely that the friendly letter, which we are informed King James once wrote to Shakspeare, was on this occasion. FARMER.

NOTES TO THE

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

*** Shakspeare might have taken the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menaechmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument hereafter quoted, is as follows:

"Two twinne borne sonnes a Sicill marchant had,
"Menechmus one, and Soficles the other;
"The first his father lost, a little lad;
"The grandsire namde the latter like his brother;
"This (growne a man) long travell took to seeke
"His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
"Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
"That citizens there take him for the same:
"Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
"Much pleasant error, ere they meet togither."

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakspeare the title for his piece.

See this translation of the *Menaechmi*, among *six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing cross.

At the beginning of an address *Ad Lectorem*, prefixed to the errata of Dekker's *Satiromastix*, &c. 1602, is the following passage, which apparently alludes to the title of the comedy before us.

"In steed of the Trumpets sounding thrice before the play begin, it shall not be amisse (for him that will read) first to beholde this short *Comedy of Errors*, and where the greatest enter, to give them instead of a hisse, a gentle correction." STEEVENS.

I suspect this and all other plays where much rhime is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare's more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

I am possibly singular in thinking that Shakspeare was not under the slightest obligation, in forming this comedy, to Warner's translation of the *Menaechmi*. The additions of *Erotes* and *Sereptus*, which do not occur in that translation, and he could never invent, are alone, a sufficient inducement to believe that he was no way indebted to it. But a further and more convincing proof is, that he has not a name, line or word, from the old play, nor any one incident but what must, of course, be common to every translation. Sir William Blackstone, I observe, suspects "this and all other plays where much rhime is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare's more early productions." But I much doubt whether any of these "long hobbling verses" have the honour of proceeding from his pen; and, in

fact, the superior elegance and harmony of his language is no less distinguishable in his earliest than his latest productions. The truth is if any inference can be drawn from the most striking dissimilarity of stile, a tissue as different as silk and worsted, that this comedy though boasting the embellishments of our author's genius, in additional words, lines, speeches, and scenes, was not originally his, but proceeded from some inferior playwright, who was capable of reading the *Menaechmi* without the help of a translation, or, at least, did not make use of Warner's. And this I take to have been the case, not only with the three parts of *King Henry VI.* as I think a late editor (*O si sic omnia!*) has satisfactorily proved, but with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *K. Richard II.* in all which pieces Shakspeare's new work is as apparent as the brightest touches of Titian would be on the poorest performance of the veriest canvass spoiler that ever handled a brush. The originals of these plays (except the *second* and *third parts of K. Henry VI.*) were never printed, and may be thought to have been put into his hands by the manager for the purpose of alteration and improvement, which we find to have been an ordinary practice of the theatre in his time. We are therefore no longer to look upon the above "pleasant and fine conceited comedie," as intitled to a situation among the "*six plays on which Shakspeare founded his Measure for Measure*, &c." of which I should hope to see a new and improved edition. RITSON.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1593. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*. MALONE.

Page 92, line 3. 4. Antipholus *of* Ephesus, Antipholus *of* Syracuse,) *Twin Brothers* &c.]

In the old copy, these brothers are occasionally styled, Antipholus *Erotes*, or *Errotis*, and Antipholus *Sereptus;* meaning, perhaps — *erraticus*, and *surreptus*. One of these twins *wandered* in search of his brother, who had been *forced* from Aemilia by fishermen of Corinth. The following acrostic is the argument to the *Menaechmi* of Plautus: Delph. Edit. p. 654.

Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii,
Ei, surrepto altero, mors obtigit.
Nomen surreptitii illi indit qui domi est
Avus paternus, facit Menaechmum Sosiclem.
Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quaeritat
Circum omnes oras. Post Epidamnum devenit:
Hic fuerat auctus ille surreptitius.
Menaechmum civem credunt omnes advenam:
Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor, et socer.
Ii se cognoscunt fratres postremo invicem.

The *translator*, W. W. calls the brothers, Menaechmus *Sosicles*, and *Menaechmus* the *traveller*. Whencesoever *Shakspeare* adopted *erraticus* and *surreptus* (which either he or his editors have misspelt) these distinctions were soon dropped, and throughout the rest of the entries the *twins* are styled of *Syracuse* or *Ephesus*. STEEVENS.

P. 94, l. 23. 24. — that the world may witness,
that my end
Was *wrought by nature, not by vile offence,*] All his hearers un-

derstood that the punishment he was about to undergo was in consequence of no private crime, but of the publick enmity between two states, to one of which he belonged: but it was a general superstition amongst the ancients, that every great and sudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven pursuing men for their secret offences. Hence the sentiment put into the mouth of the speaker was proper. By my past life (says he) which I am going to relate, the world may understand, that my present death is according to the ordinary course of Providence [*wrought by nature*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by vile offence.*]

WARBURTON.

The real meaning of this passage is much less abstruse, than that which Warburton attributes to it. By *nature* is meant *natural affection.* — Aegeon came to Ephesus in search of his son, and tells his story, in order to shew that his death was in consequence of natural affection for his child, not of any criminal intention. M. MASON.

P. 97, l. 8. *My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,*] Shakspeare has here been guilty of a little forgetfulness. Aegeon had said, that the *youngest son* was that which his wife had taken care of: —

"My wife, more careful for the *latter born*,
"Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast."

He himself did the same by the other; and then each, fixing their eyes on whom their care was fixed, fastened themselves at either end of the mast.

M. MASON.

P. 98, l. 6. — *wend,* — i. e. go. An obsolete word. STEEVENS.

P. 99, l. 5. *A trusty* villain,] i. e. servant.

DOUCE.

P. 100, l. 25. 26. —— *I shall be post indeed;*
For she will score your fault upon my pate.]
Perhaps before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares issued out of a shop, was kept by chalk or notches on a *post*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So *Kitely* the merchant making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiarities used to his wife, *Cob* answers: ——
"—— if I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the *post* in the middle of the warehouse," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 101, l. 10. *Sconce* is *head*. STEEVENS.

P. 101, l. 33. The villain is *o'er-raught* —]
That is, *over-reached*. JOHNSON.

P. 101, l. 34. — this town is full of *cozenage;*]
This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence Ἔφεσια ἀλεξιφαρμακα was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, and Ἔφεσια γραμματα, in the same sense.

WARBURTON.

P. 101, last l. and P. 102, first l. *As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,*
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind.
Soul-killing witches that deform the body;]
Those, who attentively consider these three lines, must confess, that the poet intended the epithet given to each of these miscreants, should declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which would therefore be a just characteristic of each of them. Thus, by *nimble* jugglers, we are taught, that they perform their tricks by *slight of hand:* and by *soul-killing* witches, we are informed, the mischief they do is by the assistance of the

devil, to whom they have given their souls: but then, by *dark-working* sorcerers, we are not instructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Befides, this epithet agrees as well to witches as to them; and therefore certainly our author could not design this in their characteristic. We should read:

Drug-working *sorcerers, that change the mind,*

and we know by the history of ancient and modern superstition, that these kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by these applications. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earnestness to recommend his alteration; but, if I may judge of other apprehensions by my own, without great success. This interpretation of *soul-killing* is forced and harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *soul-selling*, agreeable enough to the common opinion, but without such improvement as may justify the change. Perhaps the epithets have only been misplaced, and the lines should be read thus:

Soul-killing *sorcerers, that change the mind,*
Dark-working *witches, that deform the body;*

This change seems to remove all difficulties.

By *soul-killing* I understand destroying the rational faculties by such means as make men fancy themselves beasts. JOHNSON.

Dark-working sorcerers, may only mean *sorcerers who carry on their operations in the dark.*

Witches themselves, as well as these who employed them, were supposed to forfeit their souls by making use of a forbidden agency. In that sense they may be said to destroy the souls of others as well as their own.

The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakspeare might have received from the old translation of the *Menaechmi*, 1595: "For this assure yourselfe, this towne *Epidamnum* is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding n all ryot and lasciviousnesse; and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, conycatchers, and sycophants, as it can hold; then for curtizans," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 3. — like *liberties of sin*:] Sir T. Hanmer reads *libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but persons, seems right. JOHNSON.

By *liberties of sin*, I believe Shakspeare means *licensed offenders*, such as mountebanks, fortune-tellers, &c. who cheat with impunity. STEEVENS.

P. 102, last l. — headstrong liberty is *lash'd* with woe.] Should it not rather be *leash'd*, i. e. coupled like a headstrong hound?

The high opinion I must necessarily entertain of the learned Lady's judgement, who furnished this observation, has taught me to be diffident of my own, which I am now to offer.

The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the *bridle* must bear the *lash*, and that woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty. It may be observed, however, that the seamen still use *lash* in the same sense as *leash*; as does Greene in his *Mamillia*, 1593: "Thou didst counsel me to beware of love, and I was before in the *lash*." *Lace* was the old English word for a *cord*, from which verbs have been derived very differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. When the mariner, however, *lashes* his guns, the sportsman *leashes* his dogs, the female

laces her clothes, they all perform one act of fastening with a *lace* or *cord.* Of the same original is the word *windlass*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel.

To *lace* likewise signified to bestow correction with a cord, or rope's end. STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 16. 17. How if your husband start some *other where?*] I cannot but think, that our author wrote:

—— *start some other* hare?

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Cupid is said to be *a good hare-finder.* JOHNSON.

I suspect that *where* has here the power of a *noun.* So, in *King Lear:*

"Thou losest *here*, a better *where* to find."

Otherwhere signifies — *in other places.* So, in *King Henry VIII.* Act. II. sc. ii:

"The King hath sent me *otherwhere.*" STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 21. To *pause* is to rest, to be in quiet. JOHNSON.

P. 103, l. 22. — that have *no other cause.*] That is, who have *no cause to be otherwise.* M. Mason.

P. 103, l. 28. *With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:*] By exhorting me to patience, which *affords no help.* MALONE.

P. 103, l. 30. *This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.*] She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianship of your fortune. JOHNSON.

P. 104, l. 12. — that I could scarce *understand* them.] i. e. that I could scarce *stand under*

hem. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

P. 105, l. 13. Am I so *round* with you, as you with me,] He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech* or *action*, spoken of his mistress. So the King, in *Hamlet*, bids the Queen be *round* with her son. JOHNSON.

P. 105, l. 17. If I last in this service, you must *case me in leather.*] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. STEEVENS.

P. 105, l. 31. By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the same word is used with a somewhat different signification. STEEVENS.

P. 105, l. 31. Shakspeare uses the adjective *gilt*, as a substantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this instance *fair* for *fairness*. Τὸ μου καλὸν, is similar expression. STEEVENS.

Fair is frequently used *substantively* by the writers of Shakspeare's time. So Marston in one of his satires:

"As the greene meads, whose native outward *faire*
"Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour air." FARMER.

P. 105, l. 33. The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on *The Ladies Girdle*:

"This was my heaven's extremest sphere,
"The pale that held my lovely *deer*."

JOHNSON.

P. 105, last l. but one. — poor I am but his *stale*.] The word *stale*, in our author, used as a substantive, means not something offered to *allure* or *attract*, but something *vitiated* with *use*, something of which the best part has been enjoyed and consumed.

JOHNSON.

I believe my learned coadjutor mistakes the use of the word *stale* on this occasion. "*Stale* to catch these thieves," in *The Tempest*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait*. Here it seems to imply the same as *stalking-horse*, *pretence*.

STEEVENS.

In *Greene's Art of Coney-catching*, 1592. A *stale* is the confederate of a thief; "he that faceth the man," or holds him in discourse. Again, in another place, "wishing all, of what estate soever, to beware of filthy lust, and such damnable *stales*, &c." A *stale* in this last instance means the pretended wife of a *cross-biter*.

Perhaps, however, *stale* may here have the same meaning as the French word *chaperon*. *Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity*. COLLINS.

P. 106, l. 9-12. — *and though gold 'bides still*, &c.] The sense is this, "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* will wear even gold; just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falshood and corruption."

WARBURTON.

P. 107, l. 28. *And make a common of my serious hours.*] i. e. intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined to *common* use, which are thence called *commons*. STEEVENS.

P. 107, l. 31. — *know my aspéct*,] i. e. study my countenance. STEEVENS.

P. 107, last l. A *sconce* was a petty fortification. STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 20. I'll make you amends *next*,] Our author probably wrote — next *time*. MALONE.

P. 109, l. 7. *May he not do it by fine and recovery?*] This attempt at pleasantry must have originated from our author's clerkship to an attorney. He has other jokes of the same school. STEEVENS.

P. 109, l. 19. — *but he hath the wit to lose his hair.*] That is, *Those who have more hair than wit*, are easily entrapped by loose women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair. JOHNSON.

P. 110. l. 29. To *fall* is here a verb active. So, in *Othello*:

"Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile." STEEVENS.

P. 111, l. 11. My blood is mingled with the *crime* of lust:] Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the preceding line, show that we should read:

—— *with the* grime *of lust*;

i. e. the *stain*, smut. So again in this play, — *A man may go over shoes in the* grime *of it.* WARBURTON.

P. 111, l. 16. I live *dis-stain'd*, thou undishonoured.] To *distain* (from the French word, *destaindre*) signifies, to *stain*, *defile*, *pollute*. But the context requires a sense quite opposite. We must either read, *unstain'd*; or, by adding an *hyphen*, and giving the

the preposition *a privative* force, read *dis-stain'd*; and then it will mean, *unstain'd, undefiled.* THEOBALD.

I would read:

I live distained, thou dishonoured.

That is, As long as thou continuest to dishonour thyself, I also live distained. HEATH.

P. 112, l. 11. 12. *Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,*

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.] *Exempt*, separated, parted. The sense is, *If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

Johnson says that *exempt* means *separated, parted;* and the use of the word in that sense may be supported by a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Triumph of Honour;* yet I think that Adriana does not use the word *exempt* in that sense, but means to say, that as he was her husband she had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong. M. MASON.

P. 112, l. 18. — *idle* moss;] i. e. moss that produces no fruit, but being unfertile is useless. STEEVENS.

P. 112. l. lines. We talk with goblins, *owls*, &c. &c.] Here Mr. Theobald calls out *in the name of Nonsense*, the first time he had *formally* invoked her, to tell him how *owls could suck their breath, and pinch them black and blue.* He therefore alters *owls* to *ouphs, and dares say, that his readers will acquiesce in the justness of his emendation.* But, for all this, we must not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular superstition, that the scrietch-

owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children, *strega* from *strix*, the *scrietch-owl*. This superstition they had derived from their pagan ancestors.

WARBURTON.

Ghastly owls accompany *elvish ghosts* in *Spenser's* Shepherd's *Calendar* for *June*. TOLLET.

P. 115, l. 23. *And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:*] That is, I will *call you to confession*, and make you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.

P. 114, l. 9. A *Carcanet* seems to have been a necklace or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. JOHNSON.

"*Quarquan*, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiselles." *Le grand Dict. de Nicot.*

A *Carcanet*, seems to have been a necklace set with stones, or strung with pearls. STEEVENS.

P. 115, first l. *I should kick, being kick'd;*] He first says, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *ass;* but immediately, with a correction of his former sentiment, such as may be hourly observed in conversation, he observes that, if he had been an *ass*, he should, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.

P. 115, l. 31. *Mome*, —] A dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken: from hence also comes our word *mum!* for silence. HAWKINS.

P. 115, l. 32. — *patch!* — i. e. fool. Alluding to the particoloured coats worn by the licensed fools or jesters of the age. STEEVENS.

P. 116, l. 16. — the house I *owe?*] i. e. I *own*, am *owner* of. STEEVENS.

P. 117, l. 27. In our old language, *to part* signified *to have part*. The French use *partir* in the same sense. TYRWHITT.

P. 118, l. 1. 2. It would make a man mad as a buck, to be *so boughand sold.*] This is a proverbial phrase. "To be *bought and sold* in a company." See Ray't Collection, p. 179. edit. 1737. STEEVENS.

P. 118, l. 23. 24. *If a crow help us in, — we'll pluck a crow together.*] We find the same quibble on a like occasion in one of the comedies of Plautus. The children of distinction among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds of different kinds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndarus in the *Captives* mentions, and says, that for his part he had

—— *tantum upupam.*

Upupa signifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or some instrument of the same kind, employed to dig stones from the quarries. STEEVENS.

P. 119, l. 7. And that *supposed* by the common rout] For *supposed* I once thought it might be more commodious to substitute *supported;* but there is no need of change: *supposed* is *founded on supposition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

P. 119. l. 15. And, in despight of *mirth*, mean to be merry.] Mr. Theobald does not know what to make of this; and therefore, has put *wrath* instead of *mirth* into the

text, in which he is followed by the Oxford editor. But the old reading is right; and the meaning is, I will be merry, even out of spite to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the most unpleasing to me. WARBURTON.

Though mirth hath withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet in despight of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry. HEATH.

P. 120, l. 6. *Love-springs* are young plants or shoots of love. MALONE.

P. 120, l. 27. *Being compact of credit*,] Means, *being made altogether of credulity*. STEEVENS.

P. 121, first l. 'Tis holy sport to be *a little vain*,] Is *light of tongue, not veracious*. JOHNSON.

P. 121, l. 24. *Mermaid* is only another name for *siren*. STEEVENS.

P. 121, l. 31. Let *love*, being light, be drowned if she sink!] Mr. Ritson observes that *Love*, in the present instance, means *Venus*.

Thus in the old ballad of the Spanish Lady:

"I will spend my days in prayer,
"*Love* and all *her* laws defy." STEEVENS.

P. 121, l. 33. *Not mad, but mated;*] So, in Macbeth:

"*My mind she has* mated, *and amaz'd my sight.*" STEEVENS.

I suspect there is a play upon words intended here. *Mated* signifies not only confounded, but *matched with a wife*: and Antipholus, who had been challenged as a husband by Adriana, which he cannot account for, uses the word *mated* in both these senses. M. MASON.

P. 122, l. 14. *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven.

JOHNSON.

P. 123, l. 24. *Swart*, — i. e. black, or rather of a dark brown. STEEVENS.

P. 124, l. 10—12. *Ant. S.* Where France? *Dro. E.* In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her *hair.*] All the other countries, mentioned in this description, are in Dromio's replies satirically characterized: but here, as the editors have ordered it, no remark is made upon France; nor any reason given, why it should be in her forehead: but only the kitchen wench's high forehead is rallied, as pushing back her *hair.* Thus all the modern editions; but the first folio reads-*making war against her* heir. —— And I am very apt to think, this last is the true reading; and that an *equivoque*, as the French call it, a double meaning, is designed in the poet's allusion: and therefore I have replaced it in the text. In 1589, Henry III of France being stabb'd, and dying of his wound, was succeeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his successor: but whose claim the states of France resisted, on account of his being a protestant. This, I take it, is what he means, by France making *war* against her *heir.* Now, as, in 1591, Queen Elizabeth sent over 4000 men, under the conduct of the Earl of Essex, to the assistance of this Henry of Navarre, it seems to me very probable, that during this expedition being on foot, this comedy made its appearance.

And it was the finestaddress imaginable in the poet to throw such an oblique sneer at France, for opposing the succession of that *heir*, whose claim his royal mistress, the Queen, had sent over a force to establish, and oblige them to acknowledge.

THEOBALD.

With this correction and explication Dr. Warburton concurs, and Sir Thomas Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet surely they have all lost the sense by looking beyond it. Our authour, in my opinion, only sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistress had the French disease. The ideas are rather too offensive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incrusted eruptions: by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in some sort make was against their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war against its *heir*? The sense which I have given, immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, arise to every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without sending out conjecture in search of refinements. JOHNSON.

P. 124, l. 30. — *assur'd to her*; i. e. affianced to her. STEEVENS.

P. 124, last l. — *if my breast had not been made of faith,*] Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great share of *faith*: however, the Oxford

editor thinks *a breast made of flint* better security, and has therefore put it in. WARBURTON.

P. 125, l. 29. It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakspeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was so pronounced at that time. I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other ancient authors. STEEVENS.

The word, although written *Porpentine* in the old editions of Shakspeare, was scarcely so pronounced, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, at least not generally; for in Eliot's Dictionary, 1545, and Cooper's Dictionary, 1584, it is—"Porkepyne:" and in Hulet's Abecedarium, 1552, — "Porpyn."

DOUCE.

P. 126, last l. A *gilder* is a coin valued from one shilling and sixpence, to two shillings.

STEEVENS.

P. 127, l. 4. — *growing to me* — i. e. accruing to me. STEEVENS.

P. 128, l. 10. *I will*, instead of *I shall*, is a Scoticism. DOUCE.

And an Irishism too. REED.

P. 130, l. 13. *Peevish* is *silly*. STEEVENS.

P. 131, l. 15. *Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock. To this appearance the compares civil wars in *King Henry IV*. P. I. sc. i. WARBURTON.

P. 132, l. 6. — *sere* is *dry*, withered.

JOHNSON.

P. 132, l. 9. *Stigmatical in making*,] That is, *marked* or *stigmatized* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition.

JOHNSON.

P. 132, l. 15. *Far from her nest the lapwing cries away.*] This expression seems to be proverbial, I have met with it in many of the old comick writers.

STEEVENS.

P. 132, l. 26. A devil in an *everlasting garment.*] The sergeants in those days were clad in *buff*, as Dromio tells us the man was who arrested Antipholus. *Buff* is also a cant expression for a man's skin, a covering which lasts him as long as his life. Dromio therefore calls *buff* an *everlasting* garment: and in pursuance of this quibble on the word *buff*, he calls the sergeant, in the next scene, the "Picture of old Adam;" that is of Adam before his fall, whilst he remained unclad: —

"What, have you got the picture of old *Adam new apparelled?*"

So, in *The Woman-Hater*, Pandar says, "Were it not for my smooth citizen, I'd quit this transitory trade, get me an *everlasting* robe, and turn sergeant." M. MASON.

P. 132, l. 28. *A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;*] Dromio here bringing word in haste that his master is arrested, describes the bailiff by names proper to raise horror and detestation of such a creature, such as, a *devil*, a *fiend*, a *wolf*, &c. But how does *fairy* come up to these terrible ideas? we should read, *a fiend, a fury*, &c. THEOBALD.

There were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous. JOHNSON.

It is true that there is a species of malevolent and mischievous Fairies; but *Fairy*, as it here stands, is generical. T. WARTON.

P. 132, l. 32. *The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands,*] It should be written, I think, narrow *lanes*, as he has the same expression in *K. Richard II.* Act. V. sc. vi:

"*Even such they say as stand in* narrow lanes." GREY.

The preceding rhyme forbids us to read—*lanes*. *Lands*, I believe, in the present instance, mean, what we now call *landing*-places at the water-side.

A *shoulder-clapper* is a bailiff. STEEVENS.

Narrow lands is certainly the true reading, as not only the rhime points out, but the sense; for as a *creek* is a narrow water, forming an inlet from the main body into the neighbouring shore, so a *narrow-land* is an outlet or tongue of the shore that runs into the water. — Besides, *narrow Lanes* and *Alleys* are synonymous. HENLEY.

P. 132, last l. *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;*] To *run counter* is to *run backward*, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to *draw dry-foot*, is, I believe, to pursue by the *track* or *prick of the foot*; to *run counter* and *draw dry-foot well* are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word *counter* which means the *wrong way in the chase*, and a *prison* in London. The officer that arrested him was a sergeant of the *counter*. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our author answer. JOHNSON.

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is fam'd. GREY.

P. 133, l. 2. *Hell* was the cant term for an ob-

scure dungeon in any of our prisons. There was likewise a place of this name nnder the Exchequer-chamber; where the King's debtors were confined till they had "paid the uttermost farthing." STEEVENS.

An account of the local situation of HELL may be found in the *Journals of the House of Commons*, Vol. X. p. 83, as the commons passed through it to *K. William and Q. Mary's coronation*, and gave directions concerning it. In *Queen Elizabeth's time* the office of *Clerk of the Treasury* was situated there, as I find in *Sir James Dyer's reports*, fol. 245. a. where mention is made of "one *Christopher Hole* Secondary del Treasurie, et un auncient attorney and practiser in le *office del Clerke del Treasurie* al HELL."

This I take to be the *Treasury* of the *Court of Common Pleas*, of which *Sir James Dyer* was *Chief Justice*, and which is now kept immediately under the court of *Exchequer*. The *office* of the *Tally-Court* of the *Chamberlain of the Exchequer* is still there, and tallies for *many* centuries back are piled up and preserved in this office. Two or three adjacent apartments have within a few years been converted to hold the *Vouchers of the public Accounts*, which had become so numerous as to overstock the place in which they were kept at *Lincolns Inn*. — These therefore belong to the *Auditors of public Accounts*. — Other rooms are turned into coal cellars. — There is a *pump* still standig of excellent water, called HELL *Pump:* And the place is to this day well known by the name of *Hell*. VAILLANT.

P. 133, l. 5. — he is *'rested on the case.*] An action upon the case, is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without

force, and not especially provided for by law.
GREY.

Dromio, I believe, is still quibbling. His master's *case* was touched by the shoulder-clapper.
MALONE.

P. 133, l. 17. — was he arrested *on a band?*] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly; though the modern editors read—*bond.* A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band.* A *band* is likewise a *neck-cloth.* On this circumstance, I believe, the humour of the passage turns. STEEVENS.

Band is used in the sense which is couched under the words, "a stronger thing," in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"Sometimes her arms infold him, like a *band.*"

See Minsheu's Dict. 1617, in v. "BAND or Obligation." In the same column is found "A BAND or thong to tie withal." Also "A BAND for the neck, because it serves to *bind* about the neck." These sufficiently explain the equivoque.

P. 134, l. 8. — I am press'd down with *conceit*;] i. e. fanciful conception. STEEVENS.

P. 135, first l. *What have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?*] A short word or two must have slipt out here, by some accident in copying, or at press; otherwise I have no conception of the meaning of the passage. The case is this. Dromio's master had been arrested, and sent his servant home for money to redeem him: he, running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholus, whom he mistakes for his master, and seeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a swish pikes

What, have you got rid *of the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?*

For so I have ventured to supply, by conjecture. But why is the officer call'd old Adam new apparell'd? The allusion is to Adam in his state of innocence going naked; and immediately after the fall, being cloath'd in a frock of skins. Thus he was new apparell'd: and, in like manner, the sergeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calf's-skin, as the author humourously a little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended. JOHNSON.

These jests on Adam's dress are common among our old writers. STEEVENS.

P. 135, l. 16. 17. — *he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.*] *Sets up his rest*, is a phrase taken from military exercice. When gun-powder was first invented, its force was very weak compared to that in present use. This necessarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artists improved the strength of their powder, the soldiers proportionably shortened their arms and artillery; so that the cannon which Froissart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to less than ten. This proportion likewise held in their muskets; so that, till the middle of the last century, the musketeers always supported their pieces wken they gave fire, with a *rest* stuck before them into the ground, which they called *setting up their rest*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling allusion too to the serjeant's office of arresting. But what most wants animadversion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, improper to the sense, and false in the allusion:

no pike being used amongst the dancers so called, or at least not fam'd for much execution. In a word, Shakspeare wrote,

—— *a* Maurice-*pike*.

i. e. a pikeman of prince Maurice's army. He was the greatest general of that age, and the conductor of the Low-country wars against Spain, under whom all the English gentry and nobility were bred to the service. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks unnecessarily of the *rest of a musket*, by which he makes the hero of the speech set up the *rest* of a *musket*, to *do exploits* with a *pike*. The *rest* of a *pike* was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great *exploits* were *done*, that is, great feats of dexterity were shown. There is no need of change. JOHNSON.

A *morris-pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon; and therefore Dr. Warburton's notion is deficient in first principles. "*Morespikes* (says Langley in his translation of *Polydore Vergil*) were used first in the siege of Capua." And in *Reynard's Deliverance of certain Christians from the Turks*, "the English mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morrice-pikes*." FARMER.

Polydore Virgil does not mention *morris-pikes* at the siege of Capua, though Langley's translation of him advances their antiquity so high.

Morris-pikes, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and since, the Spanish pikes

have been equally famous. See Hartlib's Legacy, p. 48. TOLLET.

The mention of *morris-pikes* is frequent among our old writers. STEEVENS.

There is, I believe, no authority for Dr. Johnson's assertion shat the Morris-Pike was used in the Morris-dance. Swords were sometimes used upon that occasion. It certainly means the *Moorish*-pike, which was very common in the 16th century. See Grose's Hist. of the English Army, Vol. I. p. 135. DOUCE.

The phrase—*he that sets up his rest*, in this instance, signifies only, I believe, "he that *trusts*"—*is confident in his expectation*. Thus, Bacon:—"Sea-fights have been final to the war, but this is, when Princes *set up their* REST upon the battle. Again, Clarendon — "they therefore resolved to *set up their* REST upon that stake, and to go through with it, or perish." This figure of speech is certainly derived from *the* REST which Dr. Warburton has described, as that was the only kind of *rest* which was ever *set up*. HENLEY.

P. 136, l. 18.— *We'll mend our dinner here.*] i. e. by purchasing something additional in the adjoining market. MALONE.

P. 136, l. 20. 21. *Dro. S.* Master, if you do expect spoon meat, *or* bespeak a long spoon.] The passage is wrong pointed, and the *or*, a mistake for *and*:

Cour. We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon meat, *and* bespeak a long spoon. RITSON.

P. 138, l. 15. 16. — will *pay them all.*] i. e. serve to hit, strike, correct them all. STEEVENS.

P. 139, l. 12. 13. *I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.*] He means, that

his master had legthened his ears by frequently pulling them. STEEVENS.

P. 139, l. 28-30. — *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*] These words seem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan against the lord of Liddington; which ends with these words, *Respice finem, respice funem.* But tho what purpose, unless our author could show that he could quibble as well in English, as the other in Latin, I confess I know not. As for *prophesying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any passenger was offended, it was the standing joke of the wise owner to say, *Take heed, Sir, my parrot prophesies.* To this, Butler hints, where, speaking of Ralpho's skill in augury, he says:

"*Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,*
"*That speak and think contrary clean;*
"*What member 'tis of whom they talk,*
"*When they cry* rope, *and* walk, knave,
walk." WARBURTON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

"But come, *respice funem.*" STEEVENS.

The phrase is common in old epitaphs.
NICHOLS.

P. 140, l. 19. A *customer* is used in *Othello* for a common woman. Here it seems to signify one who visits such women. MALONE.

P. 140, l. 21. — *companion* is a word of contempt, anciently used as we now use — *fellow*.
STEEVENS.

P. 140, last l. but one. *Perdy*,] A corruption of the common French oath — *Pardieu*. Chau-

cer's personages are frequent in their use of it. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 5. *Certes,*] i. e. *certainly*. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 5. —the *kitchen-vestal*] Her charge being like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

P. 142, l. 31. This is the second time that in the course of this play, *peevish* has been used for *foolish*. STEEVENS.

P. 143, l. 5. *Unhappy* is here used in one of the senses of *unlucky*, i. e. *mischievous*. STEEVENS.

P. 144, l. 13. — fetch our *stuff* — i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were issued for the royal Progresses in the last century, the King's baggage was always thus denominated. MALONE.

P. 146, l. 22. Some *get within him,*] i. e. close with him, grapple with him. STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 24. — *take a house,*] i. e. go into a house. So we say, a dog *takes the water*. STEEVENS.

P. 147, l. 28. It was the *copy* of our conference.] i. e. the theme. We still talk of setting *copies* for boys. STEEVENS.

P. 148, l. 10–14. *Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,*
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;)
And, at her *heels,* &c.] Shakspeare could never make melancholy a *male* in this line, and a *female* in the next. This was the foolish insertion of the first editors. I have therefore put it into hooks, as spurious. WARBURTON.

The defective metre of the second line, is a plain proof

proof that some dissyllable word hath been dropped there. I think it therefore probable our poet may have written:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody [moping] *and dull melancholy,*
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?
And at their *heels a huge infectious troop.*—

HEATH.

It has been observed to me that *Mr. Capell* reads:

But moody and dull melancholy, kins—
woman to grim and comfortless despair:

yet, though the Roman language may allow of such transfers from the end of one verse to the beginning of the next, the custom is unknown to English poetry, unless it be of the burlesque kind.

STEEVENS.

Kinsman means no more than *near relation*. Many words are used by Shakspeare with much greater latitude.

Nor is this the only instance of such a confusion of genders. In *The Merchant of Venice*, Portia says,

"—— but now I was the *lord*
"Of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants,
"*Queen* o'er myself." RITSON.

P. 149, l. 2. *To make of him a formal man again:*] i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the forms of sober behaviour. So, in *Measure for Measure*, — "*informal* women," for just the contrary. STEEVENS.

P. 149, l. 20. *Sorry*, had anciently a stronger meaning than at present. STEEVENS.

Thus, Macbeth looking on his bloody hands after the murder of Duncan:

"This is a *sorry* sight." HENLEY.

Mr. Douce is of opinion, that *sorry*, in the text, is put for *sorrowful*. STEEVENS.

P. 150, l. 9. *Important* seems to be used for *importunate*. JOHNSON.

P. 150, l. 20. A *strong escape*, I suppose, means an escape effected by *strength* or violence. STEEVENS.

P. 150, l. 22. *And, with his mad attendant and himself,*] We should read:

—— mad *himself*. WARBURTON.

We might read:

And here *his mad attendant and himself.*

Yet, as Mr. Ritson observes, the meeting to which Adriana alludes, not having happened before the abbey, we may more properly suppose our author wrote —

And *then* his mad attendant and himself.

STEEVENS.

P. 151, l. 9. Beaten the maids *a-row,*] i. e. successively, one after another. STEEVENS.

P. 151, l. 10. Whose beard they have singed off wich *brands of fire;*] Shakspeare was a great reader of Plutarch, where he might have seen this method of shaving in the life of Dion, p. 167, 4to. See North's translation, in which ἄνθρακες may be translated *brands*. S. W.

North gives it thus — "with a hot burning cole to burne his goodly bush of heare rounde about." STEEVENS.

P. 151, l. 15. His man with scissars *nicks him like a fool:*] The force of this allusion I am unable to explain with certainty. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the hair of idiots close to their heads. There is a prover-

bial simile— "Like *crop* the conjurer;" which might have been ironically applied to these unfortunate beings. STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of King Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously *shave* a common man like a *fool*.

TOLLET.

Fools undoubtedly were shaved and *nick'd* in a particular manner, in our author's time.

MALONE.

The hair of idiots is still cut close to their heads, to prevent the consequences of uncleanliness. RITSON.

P. 151, l. 24. To *scorch* your face,] We should read, *scotch*, i. e. hack, cut.

WARBURTON.

To *scorch*, I believe, is right. He would have punished her as he had punished the conjurer before. STEEVENS.

P. 152, l. 22. While she *with harlots feasted in my house.*] Antipholus did not suspect his wife of having entertained courtezans, but of having been confederate with cheats to impose on him and abuse him. Therefore, he says to her, Act. IV. sc. iv:

"—— are these your customers?
"Did this companion with the saffron face
"Revel and feast it at my house to day?"

By this description he points out *Pinch* and his followers. *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men as well as to wantons among women. STEEVENS.

P. 152, last l. — *I am advised what I say;*] i. e. I am not going to speak precipitately or rashly, but on reflexion and consideration.

STEEVENS.

P. 155, l. 28. —— *deformed* —] For *deforming*. STEEVENS.

P. 155, l. 29. — written strange *defeatures* in my face:] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature*. The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.

Defeatures are *undoings*, *miscarriages*, *misfortunes*; from *defaire*. Fr. The sense is, I am *deformed*, *undone*, by misery. Misfortune has left its impression on my face. STEEVENS.

Defeature is, I think, *alteration of feature*, *marks of deformity*. MALONE.

Defeatures are certainly neither more nor less than *features*; as *demerits* are neither more nor less than *merits*. Time, says Aegeon, hath placed *new and strange features* in my face; i. e. given it quite a different appearance: no wonder therefore thou dost not know me. RITSON.

P. 156, l. 7. — *my feeble key of untun'd cares?*] i. e. the weak and discordant tone of my voice that is changed by grief. DOUCE.

P. 156, l. 8 — this *grained* face &c.] i. e. furrow'd, like the *grain of wood*. STEEVENS.

P. 157, l. 16-18. In the old copy this speech of Aegeon, and the subsequent one of the Abbess, follow the speech of the Duke, beginning with the words — "Why, here" &c. The transposition was suggested by Mr. Steevens. It scarcely requires any justification. Aegeon's answer to Aemilia's adjuration would necessarily immediately succeed to it. Besides, as Mr. Steevens has observed, as these speeches stand in the old copy, the Duke comments on Aemilia's words, before she has uttered them: The slight change now made renders the whole clear. MALONE.

That however will scarcely remove the difficul-

ty: the *next* speech is Aegeon's. Both it and the following one should precede the Duke's; or there is possibly a line lost. RITSON.

If this be the right reading, it is, as Steevens justly remarks, one of Shakspeare's oversights, as the Abbess had not hinted at her shipwreck. But possibly we should read —

Besides *his* urging of her wreck at sea.

M. MASON.

P. 157, l. 26. — here begins his *morning story* right:] "The *morning* story" is what Aegeon tells the Duke in the first scene of this play. HOLT WHITE.

P. 159, l. 15. ——— *and go with me;*] We should read:

——— *and* gaude *with me;*

i. e. rejoice, from the French, *gaudir*.

WARBURTON.

The sense is clear enough without the alteration. The Revisal offers to read, more plausibly, I think:

—— joy *with me*. STEEVENS.

P. 159, l. 16. *After so long grief, such* nativity!] We should surely read:

After so long grief, such festivity.

Nativity lying so near, and the termination being the same of both words, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. She has just said, that to her, her sons were not *born* till now.

STEEVENS.

P. 160, last l. On a careful revision of the foregoing scenes, I do not hesitate to pronounce them the composition of two very unequal writers. Shakspeare had undoubtedly a share in them; but that

the entire play was no work of his, is an opinion which (as Benedick says) "fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake."

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how the denouement will be brought about. Yet the subject appears to have been reluctantly dismissed, even in shis last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely lost. STEEVENS.

The long doggrel verses that Shakspeare has attributed in this play to the two Dromios, are written in that kind of metre which was usually attributed by the dramatick poets before his time, in their comick pieces, to some of their inferior characters; and this circumstance is one of many that authorize us to place the preceding comedy, as well as *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, (where the same kind of versification is likewise found,) among our author's earliest productions; composed probably at a time when he was imperceptibly infected with the prevailing mode, and before he had completely learned "to deviate boldly from the common track." MALONE.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

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END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

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